

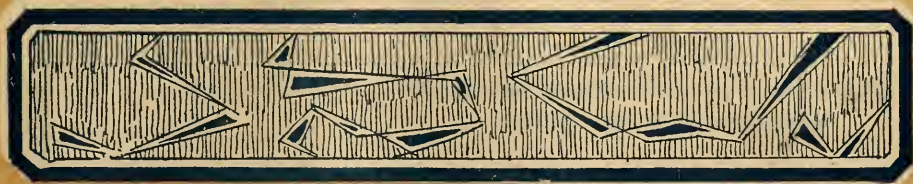


IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XVII

JULY, 1914

No. 9



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



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Sermonets

"Take care that you judge no life by external evidences. The sources lie so deep that only the loving, sympathetic, helpful eyes of the Father may penetrate so far. And sometimes the loveliest flowers of development are hidden, for the time being, in an outer envelope as unattractive as the screen of the pond-lily, before it pushes its way into bloom and fragrance. Frequently the golden-hearted, the most beautiful characters, have a season of forcing through such bitterly hard conditions, that the stress may very easily awaken repugnance in the minds of those observers who do not understand."

"In time to come all the people of the nation will be college graduates. Must we not then as now eat, dress, have places of shelter and methods of keeping clean? The old idea, and the idea which prevails to some extent now, that a man with a college degree cannot take up one of the so-called common tasks is leading the nation to civil strife. We must teach from the beginning that there is dignity in so-called common tasks, just as in the professional tasks.

"There is no more divinity in looking at the stars or healing the sick than in hoeing a row of potatoes. We must get the idea of industrial education into the grade schools and begin there to overcome some of the false ideas which now prevail about the common tasks of life."—*Dr. John A. Widtsoe.*

We stand alone and as it were blindfolded, surrounded upon all sides by unknown thresholds, afraid to hope, afraid to fear, knowing only this, that at each forward step the doors are opened for us; ways are made, our burdens are lifted by some great unknown law or power whose purpose we are powerless to fathom. And here upon this threshold we wait for the doors to open, feeling that the load is too heavy, helpers too few, sometimes discouraged, when our grief is strong, and our joy weak, and years and days are so long. And yet we know that the changeless laws of the Almighty will come to our relief, and good will take the place of ill; and knowing this, the words, "Not as I will" grow sweet and still sweeter each time our lips or our hearts repeat them. And when this blessed thought steals over us like a whispered voice to bless and calm all the loneliness and unrest of our souls, we feel to say, even more and more earnestly, knowing that we but follow One who has trodden the path before, "Not our will but Thine be done."—*George D. Kirby.*



A WONDER-SPOT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, NEAR AFTON,
WYOMING

(See Editors' Table in this number of the ERA.)

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The Parable of the Owl Express

A Recollection of Student Days

BY DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE

During my college days, now more than a quarter of a century past, I was one of a class of students appointed to field-work as a part of our prescribed courses in geology,—the science that deals with the earth in all of its varied aspects and phases, but more particularly with its component rocks, the structural features they present, the changes they have undergone and are undergoing—the science of worlds.

A certain assignment had kept us in the field many days. We had traversed, examined, and charted, miles of lowlands and uplands, valleys and hills, mountain heights and canyon defiles. As the time allotted to the investigation drew near its close, we were overtaken by a violent wind-storm, followed by a heavy snow,—unseasonable and unexpected, but which, nevertheless, increased in intensity so that we were in danger of being snow-bound in the hills. The storm reached its height while we were descending a long and steep mountain-side, several miles from the little railway station, at which we had hoped to take train that night for home. With great effort we reached the station late at night, while the storm was yet raging. We were suffering from the intense cold incident to biting wind and driving snow; and, to add to our discomfiture, we learned that the expected train had been stopped by snow-drifts a few miles from the little station at which we waited.

The station was but an isolated telegraph-post; the station-house comprised but one small room, a mile away from the nearest village. The reason for the maintenance of a telegraph-post at this point was found in the dangerous nature of the road in the vicinity, and the convenient establishment of a water-tank to supply the engines. The train for which we so expectantly and

hopefully waited, was the Owl Express—a fast night train connecting large cities. Its time-schedule permitted stops at but few and these the most important stations; but, as we knew, it had to stop at this out-of-the-way post, to replenish the water-supply of the locomotive.

Long after midnight the train arrived, in a terrific whirl of wind and snow. I lingered behind my companions, as they hurriedly clambered aboard, for I was attracted by the engineer, who, during the brief stop, while his assistant was attending to the water replenishment, bustled about the engine, oiling some parts, adjusting others, and generally overhauling the panting locomotive. I ventured to speak to him, busy though he was. I asked how he felt on such a night,—wild, weird, and furious, when the powers of destruction seemed to be let loose, abroad and uncontrolled, when the storm was howling and when danger threatened from every side. I thought of the possibility—the probability even—of snow-drifts or slides on the track; of bridges and high trestles, which may have been loosened by the storm; of rock-masses dislodged from the mountain-side;—of these and other possible obstacles. I realized that in the event of accident through obstruction on or disruption of the track, the engineer and the fireman would be the ones most exposed to danger; a violent collision would most likely cost them their lives. All of these thoughts and others I expressed in hasty questioning of the bustling, impatient, engineer.

His answer was a lesson not yet forgotten. In effect he said, though in jerky and disjointed sentences: "Look at the engine head-light. Doesn't that light up the track for a hundred yards or more? Well, all I try to do is to cover that hundred yards of lighted track. That I can see, and for that distance I know the road-bed is open and safe. And," he added, with what, through the swirl and the dim lamp-lighted darkness of the roaring night, I saw was a humorous smile on his lips, and a merry twinkle of his eye, "believe me, I have never been able to drive this old engine of mine, God bless her! so fast as to outstrip that hundred yards of lighted track. The light of the engine is always ahead of me!"

As he climbed to his place in the cab, I hastened to board the first passenger coach; and, as I sank into the cushioned seat, in blissful enjoyment of the warmth and general comfort, offering strong contrast to the wildness of the night without, I thought deeply of the words of the grimy, oil-stained engineer. They were full of faith—the faith that accomplishes great things, the faith that gives courage and determination, the faith that leads to works. What if the engineer had failed; had yielded to fright and fear; had refused to go on because of the threatening dangers? Who knows what work may have been hindered; what great

plans may have been nullified; what God-appointed commissions of mercy and relief may have been thwarted, had the engineer weakened and quailed?

For a little distance the storm-swept track was lighted up; for that short space the engineer drove on!

We may not know what lies ahead of us in the future years, nor even in the days or hours immediately beyond. But for a few yards, or possibly only a few feet, the track is clear, our duty is plain, our course is illumined. For that short distance, for the next step, lighted by the inspiration of God, go on!

Papa's Treasure

Freckled face and tangled hair,
Dirty hands, and rags to wear,
Ways that make his father swear,
Yet a precious treasure.

Language that is crude and coarse,
Voice that yells and gets not hoarse,
Free from trouble and remorse.
Papa's little treasure.

Starlight dances in his eyes,
Moonlight in his dimple lies,
Sunlight with his spirit vies—
Papa's fairest treasure.

Search the world, from east to west,
You will find no man more blest—
I have found and loved the best,
Papa's priceless treasure.

God protect my darling boy,
Let not sin his life destroy,
Let him always be my joy—
Papa's peerless treasure.

May his mind be bright and strong,
May his life be great and long,
Chaste and sweet as angel's song—
Papa's dearest treasure.

If he cannot bless my name,
If his life must reek with shame,
God in heaven, do not blame
This, my little treasure;

Bid him leave his childish play,
Take him from this world away,
Let his little bones decay,—
Papa's sweetest treasure.

In thy mansions fair above,
I would meet the boy I love,
Chaste and stainless as a dove,—
Papa's darling treasure.

Revelation Essential

BY WILLIAM HALLS

If a man should say that the Constitution of the United States and the laws passed, up to a certain date, were sufficient for the government of the nation without further legislation for all time to come, he would be considered lacking in judgment. Yet many Christians believe that the Bible, which contains but a very small part of the word of God given up to nearly two thousand years ago, is all that is needed to govern the Church for all time. If, as time passes and conditions change, it is necessary to pass new laws for the nation, why is it not necessary to receive new revelation for the Church?

Every institution has a board of directors to make by-laws to meet emergencies; such constant supervision is essential to its permanency. Every institution receives its direction from the source of its creation, whether human or divine. If the Church is a divine institution, organized by revelation from heaven, it must be directed by heavenly revelation.

In looking back over divine history, as contained in the Bible, we find that the revelations given in any one dispensation were never sufficient for a subsequent dispensation. The word of the Lord to Enoch contained no instruction to Noah to build an ark to save himself and family. The revelations to Noah and Enoch did not command Abraham to leave his kindred and go to a strange land. Moses was called by direct revelation to go to Egypt and deliver Israel from bondage. The Lord spake to Joshua and gave him directions in leading Israel across the Jordan and settling them in the promised land. From Joshua to Malachi, every prophet received revelations to guide him in his ministry as a messenger to make known the will of God to Israel. From Malachi to John the Baptist, for about four hundred years, there was no revelation, no vision; "the prophets and seers were covered." The Jews became divided into sects, and while claiming Abraham as their father, and a reverence for the revelations given to Moses and the dead prophets, they crucified Jesus and brought on themselves destruction. In opening the Messianic dispensation, John the Baptist was called by revelation, ordained by an angel, and sent to prepare the way of the Lord. Following all the truths that Jesus gave to his disciples, we find that after his ascension revelation was still necessary. An angel came to Cornelius and told him to send for Peter; vision was given to Peter

by which he was led to go to Cornelius and minister to him and open the gospel dispensation to the Gentiles.

Saul of Tarsus was well acquainted with the scriptures, and the predictions of the prophets of the coming of Christ; yet he thought he was doing right in persecuting the Saints, and nothing short of a revelation from Jesus saved him from staining his hands in innocent blood and bringing upon himself destruction. Here was a great transformation as a product of revelation. Instead of a persecutor of the Saints, he became the great Apostle to the Gentiles, and gave his life for the testimony of Jesus. After the death of the apostles, when revelation ceased, there was no divine standard to determine doctrine and discipline, no court of appeal; one man's opinion was as good, and no better, than another's; every man was a law to himself, and went his way with those who would follow him. Sects multiplied, all having the Bible, the dead letter, and a form of godliness without the power; there were no spiritual gifts nor manifestations of God's approval of their ministry. All drifted without chart or compass on the agnostic ocean of uncertainty; and thus followed the longest night of spiritual darkness since the creation.

Joseph Smith desired to know which of the Christian churches was right and which to join to be saved. There is no answer to this question in the Bible; none of the sects are named there. The answer must come by revelation; there is no other way. In all the revelations given in former dispensations, there is no command to him to go to Cumorah and get the plates and translate them and bring forth the Book of Mormon; no power in the scriptures to confer upon him the Priesthood, and instruct him how to organize the Church of Christ; or to call, ordain and set in order the quorums of the priesthood, preach the gospel to the world, gather Israel, and lay the foundation of Zion. All these things came to him by revelations, and by the ministry of angels. Without revelation he would have known nothing about the manner of building temples and the endowments to be given in them. No saviors would have come to stand upon Mount Zion. In vain the hearts of the fathers would turn to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers, as no vicarious work would have been done.

Revelation is the light of the Church of Christ. Jesus, speaking to Peter on the subject of revelation, said: "On this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." In opening a dispensation, the Lord will appear and call a man as his prophet and make himself known and introduce his Son, Jesus, in whose name all things must be done, after which he will send angels with the keys of the Priesthood to confer divine authority on the prophets, and instruct them on the doctrine and government of the Church. To some he will give dreams,

to some visions, and to each member of the Church, priests and people, the Holy Spirit. Jesus said to his disciples, "When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come he will guide you into all truth." The Lord does not wish any of his children to walk in darkness. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." This inspiration is made available by the new birth. Jesus said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man is born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

In the first birth, the spirit of life enters the infant's body, and the child becomes a living soul and enters into the natural world. In the second, or new birth, baptism, being born of the water, is in likeness of the natural birth, and also a symbol of the death, burial and resurrection of Christ. Then comes the birth of the Spirit, by which the man becomes a living soul, and enters into the spiritual world; and as the infant body without the spirit of life would be a dead body, so the birth of the water without the birth of the Spirit would be of no effect. Jesus said: "If I be lifted up, I will lift up all men unto me."

The higher orders of intelligence must lift up the lower orders. By our observation, experience and reason, we conceive this as a natural and universal law. "Every good and perfect gift cometh from above." Jesus said to Pilate, "Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from heaven." No thought, light or truth originates in the human mind independent of an external medium. Where there is no sound there is no hearing; no light, no seeing; no touch, no feeling. Nothing exists independently; all the elements, whether spiritual or physical, are correlated. The earth detached from the solar system would be a dead planet, and man and beast, fowl and fish, insects and all vegetation, would die. There is no life and growth in isolation. Spiritual growth involves harmonious relation with the spirit world. The same is true of physical growth, in relation to the natural world.

Those who, through faith in Jesus Christ, and repentance, and baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, are brought into harmony with the spirit world, and are impressed with truths they can neither see nor hear with the natural senses. Jesus told Peter to go and catch a fish, and he would find in its mouth money to pay tribute.

We find in the Book of Mormon that Nephi, when reproving the people for their sins and warning them of the dangers awaiting them, in order to impress them with the truth of his word, told them that their chief judge was murdered by his brother, and was lying in his blood by the judgment seat. It is not at all uncom-

mon for an elder, when on a mission, to be impressed to go to a certain place and visit certain people. He is warned not to go on a certain vessel or train, and afterward learns of that vessel or train being wrecked. A man may receive an impression that changes the whole course of his life. Jesus told his disciples to take no thought what they should say when brought before their accusers, that it should be given them in the very hour what they should say.

When a man speaks under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, truths he has learned are brought to his remembrance, and truths he never learned, are impressed upon his mind and carried to the hearts of those who hear; and those who listen, and hear the voice of the Spirit, receive faith in their hearts, while those who harden their hearts against it, remain in darkness and thus receive their condemnation.

The Lord works upon the hearts of men by his Spirit, according to their faith, and reveals to them all the truth they will accept. Whether these truths are arbitrarily assigned to the domain of religion, philosophy or science, it matters not. They are all from the same source. Some men have no faith in spiritual things, but have a clear conception of natural philosophy. To them the Lord reveals through the Holy Spirit the mysteries of nature, and though they may take the honor to themselves, their achievements are of inestimable value. To them we are indebted for modern improvements in transportation, communication, heating, lighting, surgery and inventions, too numerous to mention, all for the benefit of mankind. The difference between the spiritual-minded and the carnal-minded is that all truth pertaining to spiritual and natural philosophy is accepted by the former, and the latter reject all truth except that which pertains to natural philosophy.

An important spiritual gift is prophecy. By experience, history and tradition, a man may know the past and present, but a knowledge of the future is only known by revelation. A knowledge of the flood saved Noah and his family. A foreknowledge of a seven years' famine, through Joseph, saved millions of the Egyptians and others from starvation. The fulfillment of their predictions is the greatest external evidence of the divine calling of the prophets, and the truth of the scriptures. The Lord speaks to his prophets by his own voice, and sends angels to ordain them to the priesthood, giving them authority to preach the gospel and administer its ordinances, and to ordain others to the same authority. But that kind of revelation is merely incidental, as angels come to earth only when it is necessary. Through the Holy Ghost men may receive a testimony that God lives, that he is our Father, that Jesus is the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, and learn of the divine mission of his

prophet, Joseph Smith, and that the gospel is true. It is the guiding medium by which men may come to God, and receive a knowledge of things as they are, as they were, and as they are to come, and know God and Jesus Christ which is eternal life.



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Reading from left to right, top row: Edmond Sperry, Salt Lake City; Arthur Coon, Garfield; Eugene Hilton, Hinckley, conference president; James A. Faucett, Sanford, Colo.; Leonard J. Madison, Vineyard, Utah; second row: Monroe Van Wagener, Midway; William D. Robertson, retiring conference president, Park City; Malcolm A. Walters, Tooele; third row: B. Frank Birtcher, Salt Lake City, Utah; Walter E. Dye, Firth, Idaho; Leslie Tidwell, Smithfield, Utah; Lorenzo N. Hatch, Franklin, Idaho; bottom row: Percival Biglow, Provo; Samuel Hadley, Ogden, Utah.

A Boat Ride on the Pacific

BY JOSEPH V. NELSON

It was a hot, sultry day in the islands. The fierce heat of the tropical sun beat down upon the thatched roofs of the native huts. The brown-skinned natives were seen loitering along the rocks on the coast hunting for crabs and shell-fish. Some were spending their time sleeping to pass away the burning hours of the day.

The ocean is as calm as a mill-pond. A company is preparing to leave the village by boat. It consists of about forty natives in all—men, women and children, besides three white men.

The preparations are soon completed and the boat is pulled through the waves by the brawny arms of the native oarsmen. After getting well out into the sea, past a few large, dangerous rocks which border the harbor, some of the men leap from the boat and swim to shore leaving the inmates to the care of the sea.

The boat is on its way and glides along smoothly. A few hours and the ocean commences to roll, and the boat is lifted, first as it were to the top of a mountain, and then, let down as it were into a valley beyond, up and down, up and down to the motion of the waves.

A song is started up, and the shining brown backs of the rowers move together, backward and forward, keeping time to the strange, weird chant of the south seas. On and on they go. Hour by hour they row, and the song floats over the waves to the shore.

The sun is hot. It is late in the afternoon. Some of the women and children have sheltered their faces from the rays of the sun by covering themselves over with pieces of cloth, and have gone to sleep.

Presently some cocoanuts, taro, bananas and pinapples are brought into sight. The sleepers are aroused and grace is said. The rowers cease their work and the food disappears. The melody is again taken up, and the boat again proceeds to plow its way through the waves, which by this time are not quite so peaceful as when they first started.

A few more hours and the heat is not so intense, and the sun soon seems to sink into the blue ocean depths. The rowers again cease their work, and the singing stops while one of the company arises and calls them to order. It is time for devotion. A hymn is sung, with bowed heads a prayer is offered up to the Creator of all, and the boat speeds on.

The island of Savaii is rock-bound along the side where the boat is passing, making it an impossibility to make a safe landing. So all night long the craft with its contents is tossed up and down upon the waves. All the rowers except two or three stretch themselves out in the most comfortable positions attainable and take a few hours of slumber, while the two or three paddle just enough to keep the boat from drifting inland, and wishing and waiting for time to pass, when their turn should come to stretch out their weary bodies across the seats of the boat and enjoy a few hours of unconsciousness.

The white men try to get a little sleep, but hardly used to the mode of travel and failing to find anything comfortable to lie on, they find it rather an impossible task.

It is a beautiful night, owing to the brightness of the tropical moon. Every star seems to be clothed in its brightest, and not a cloud is to be seen in the dark blue sky. The land to the left is outlined against the sky and in places the stately cocoanut trees can be seen rearing their heads high above the outline of the land, making a very beautiful picture.

The shades of night finally disappear, taking with them the stars and the moonlight, and in their places comes another day with its tropical heat and South sea atmosphere.

A village where a safe landing can be made is sighted, and the tired but happy company of travelers turn the course of the boat towards the shore.

SAVAII, SAMOA



The Bright Angel Trail

BY ARTHUR LEE

"From out of the desert came a man, weary and travel-stained."

When the West was in its infancy, before the advent of the iron horse, the great American desert lay, a stretch of sand, uninhabited save for a chance traveler who from necessity was forced to cross its barren face.

Such a traveler could have been seen one day in August 18—, making his way northward. A lone horseman, slowly, painfully threading his way through the cacti and scattering mesquite bushes. Far to the south and west, behind him, the Needles, those twin peaks of the desert, reared their mighty tops heavenward, standing sentinels, as it were, to the gateway of a coming civilization. Looking ahead, in the distance, toward the higher plateau, the rider could make out a dark belt of green standing out in vivid relief against the dull, yellowish grey of the desert. This green belt, as he knew, marked the timber line, where stunted jackpine and black-willow struggled side by side for existence. To the right, stretched the undulating plain, broken and seamed across in every direction with gulches and ravines, ancient water ways long since dry. To the left,—opened that great chasm, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Nearly six thousand feet below the canyon's rim lay the river, a silver thread winding its tortuous way between overhanging walls of solid rock.

The rider shifted his weight in the saddle, and spoke a word to his weary horse. Then he lifted the canteen from the saddle-bow, only to replace it with a shake of the head. The canteen was almost empty. The horse stumbled over a cactus root, went on a little further, stumbled again, then stood still with head hung low and fore-legs extended.

The man dismounted and, taking the canteen with its few drops of water, he opened the horse's mouth and poured the precious liquid down its throat. Then, grasping the saddle-horn with one hand, he urged the horse on, walking by its side in the hot and dusty road.

At intervals the man would look anxiously over his shoulder on the back trail, and ever as he looked he would urge the horse forward. It seemed ages to the weary traveler that they trudged along thus, side by side, the man and the beast. No breath of air stirred the dry leaves of the mesquite bushes. The

sun, now low in the west, hung suspended as it were by invisible threads, a great golden ball of fire against a painted sky. The heat was intense.

The man's hold on the saddle-horn relaxed, and he slipped to the ground exhausted. With difficulty he regained his feet and, grasping the stirrup-leather, staggered on again by the side of his faithful horse. The man's eyes were blood-shot, his tongue showed through his blackened lips, swollen and discolored. The veins on his forehead stood out like whip-cords. They were nearing the timber line. The horse pricked up its ears and attempted to quicken its pace. With nostrils distended, it sniffed the air, making a low, moaning sound in its throat the while. The man answered his horse.

"Aye, you beauty, you smell the water. Courage, old boy, and we will make it yet. Only a little farther, only a step, as it were—out of the desert I came, and I found—a spring of living water."

As the man uttered the words, he sank fainting on the sand.

The horse walked on a few paces, then stopped. He looked from side to side restlessly, then turned and sniffed at the prostrate form on the ground. Slowly raising his head, the faithful animal sent out a cry over the desert. The wild cry of a beast mourning for one that it loved.

CHAPTER II.

"When first mine eyes beheld the fairness of the day."—

When Jack Benton regained his senses and opened his eyes, he was at a loss to explain how he came to be lying on a couch in a strange place. The room in which he found himself was low of ceiling, and the walls were of rough pine logs laid together. The dirt floor was covered in places with the tanned skins of wild animals, and on the wall, at one end of the room, hung a magnificent pair of antlers, trophies of the chase. Through the open doorway he caught a glimpse of the blue sky overhead, and the pine trees of the forest in the distance. Nearer, an old Indian squaw sat huddled over a fire, stirring something in an iron kettle, the while crooning a weird song to herself. As the chant rose higher, the listener recognized it as the "Morning Song of the Sun." He knew the singer to be of the Hopi race, sun-worshippers.

Raising himself on his elbow, he called to the Indian, and as she stood in the doorway he spoke to her in the native tongue.

"Maiden of the Sun, why sit you by the fire crooning your song when the great Sun God has gone to rest in the Western sky?"

"Does not the white chieftain know that another day has

come—that another sun has risen? Therefore, I sing the morning song to the sun.”

“Another day! Tell me, where am I? How did I come here?”

With a gesture she silenced him.

“Ask not idle questions. You are not to speak. Juan-do-oocha forbids it. Rest. Another day and you will be strong.”

With these words she turned and glided out.

Jack lay on his couch and tried to collect his scattered thoughts. The last he could remember distinctly was a burning thirst, a fire consuming his very soul, the taste of the fine dust in his throat, and the nerve-racking pain in his head.

Now he was in a cabin evidently inhabited. He felt well, except that his body ached in places. The Indian woman had spoken of Juan-do-oocha, “Maid of the trail.” Who was this maid of the trail? Was it the Indian herself? And what trail? As these perplexing questions filled his mind, he fell asleep.

When he awoke again night had fallen. The room was dimly lighted with a rush candle, a bit of twisted grass in a basin of grease. Without making a sound, he carefully raised his head from the couch and looked around. Sitting near the door, gazing out, was a young girl. This, at least, was no Indian, with her aureole of gold hair.

“You had better lie down again,” said the girl, looking around and disclosing a pretty, delicate oval face. “I will watch from here, and the old squaw, Niami, is near the edge of the desert where she keeps watch also.”

Jack gasped in astonishment.

“May I ask just what are you watching for?”

“The sheriff and his posse,” replied the girl evenly.

At the word “sheriff” Jack bounded forward feverishly:

“What do you mean?” he demanded. “Have I been delirious?”

“You have said nothing.”

“Then how—”

“Does a man cross the desert with one canteen and no pack, if he travels for pleasure?”

The girl looked straight into his eyes. Jack met the look for a moment, then his eyes dropped under the direct gaze.

“I might be prospecting, or anything.”

The girl smiled and pointed to Jack’s revolver and belt, lying on the table.

“Are those prospector’s tools?” she asked archly.

“No,” admitted Jack. “I can’t say that they are. But why should I run away from the sheriff?”

“I don’t know,” she answered simply. “But word came that the sheriff and his posse were out on a man hunt. Shortly afterward I found you lying unconscious in the sand.”

"Then it was you who found me?"

"Yes."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Miami."

"But don't they call you something else?"

The girl frowned, then shrugged her shoulders.

"Aren't you the one they call 'Juan-do-oocha,'—'Maid of the Trail'?" he asked, remembering the old Indian's words.

"I am sometimes called that."

"And this trail, what is it? Where is it?"

"The trail? Have you never heard of the Bright Angel Trail? It is there," she pointed out of the doorway.

"Then you are the angel of the trail."

"One greater than I is the Angel of the Trail. I am but the keeper."

"This trail, where does it lead?"

"It leads into the gorge. For miles and miles in both directions, there is no other descent into the fastnesses of the canyon's depths."

As the girl finished speaking, she listened intently for a moment, then sprang to her feet excitedly, as the clear call of the night owl came out of the darkness. "Quick!" she cried as she handed the man his gun and a bundle of food. "That is the signal. They are coming. We have not a moment to lose." Then, seizing her companion by the hand, she pulled him through the door into the night. Making a sharp turn to the left, after leaving the cabin, the two made their way as quickly as possible through scattered underbrush toward the rim of the canyon. Suddenly stooping and parting the bushes, the girl pointed downward.

"There is the trail. Be careful, the way is dangerous. At the foot of the first descent you will find a spring. You have something to eat. Tomorrow I will come for you, good bye."

CHAPTER III.

"The way was steep, 'mid overhanging cliffs and chasms gaping wide—"

Entering a black hole, Jack Benton made his way cautiously down the steep descent. The trail made a sharp turn to the right and opened out on the face of a precipice. Along the face of this solid wall of rock ran a ledge perhaps two feet in width, and running at a sharp angle downward. The moon had risen full in the sky, casting a silvery radiance over the face of the cliff, and only penetrating the gloom of the canyon's depths. As the man stood for a moment with his back to the wall, and arms extended, he peered far out and down into the dizzy void below.

A sheer thousand feet without a break, and at the base of that great cliff lay a mass of huge boulders, fragments of the cliff itself, threatening instant destruction to any one who should chance to fall from that giddy height.

Hugging the face of the cliff, the man made his way down that narrow trail, foot by foot, carefully, lest one step should hurl him to the cruel rocks below. After the first sharp descent, the way became easier, though still dangerous, the path zig-zagging back and forth down the mountain side.

Jack was now at the foot of that first great cliff, and as he looked upward to where it stood, pure white in the moonlight, it appeared to be a massive tombstone marking the grave of some departed god. The exertion of that descent had left the man weakened and dizzy, and he decided to wait for daylight before attempting another feat of the kind. Selecting, as best he could, in the half light of the canyon, a secluded spot between protecting boulders, he lay down and was soon asleep.

He awoke with a start the next morning, as he felt a hand on his shoulder. Springing to his feet, he faced his guide of the night before.

"You sleep soundly for a fugitive," the girl laughed. "I have called you twice from the trail but could not make you hear."

"I must have been sleeping sound, indeed, not to have heard your voice. But what of the night? Did the sheriff come?"

The girl laughed a low, gurgling laugh, full of mirth, as she replied: "Our fears were groundless."

"Then it was not the posse?"

"Yes, it was the sheriff and his men, and they had their man."

"They had! who is it?"

"Mexican Pete."

"Thank heaven! Then it wasn't Nick Morgan who held up the stage." The man wiped his hand across his forehead with a sigh of relief.

"They wanted you, too, Jack Benton."

"How do you know my name?" he asked sharply, "and what do they want me for?"

"Sheriff Smith said that he had reason to believe that you knew something about the holdup of the overland stage by a lone bandit. He wanted you as a witness. Now why did you run away?"

"Well, I did know something about it. I saw a man killing his horse cutting through the mountains and I struck out after him. When I got closer, I discovered the horse that the holdup was riding was my friend, Nick Morgan's. Furthermore, the highwayman's back looked suspiciously like Morgan's, so I straightway became full of fear and started out to prove an alibi. I didn't

want to 'peach' on my best friend. I see it now, Pete must have stolen Nick's horse. Now suppose you tell me who *you* are."

"Well, just now, I happen to be your jail warden," she laughed, "since you are my prisoner, suppose you march up and get some breakfast."

He stumbled after her, murmuring something about "being her prisoner for life."

"Afterward," she said tantalizingly, "I will tell you the story of the Trail Angel, which is more interesting than mine."

CHAPTER IV.

"A legend I could tell you, a tale of love unfold."

The two strolled to a point overlooking the mighty river.

"We will go to Wanona's throne, and there I will tell you the yarn," said Miami.

With difficulty they made their way around the base of a huge cliff, scrambling over boulders and clinging with hands and feet to scant projections for support.

After a sharp climb they came to a kind of platform, or shelf, standing out from the face of the main cliff. The platform was about three yards in diameter and circular in form. At the back of this platform forming a kind of niche in the face of the cliff, was what appeared to be a huge chair or throne. This throne was of black marble streaked with a green vein. The cliff itself was of white stone, and rose to a height of perhaps three thousand feet. The seat of this chair was wide enough for three people to sit, side by side, comfortably. The back rose to a height of perhaps twenty feet. As Jack looked at this wonderful formation he exclaimed, "A throne fit for a god!"

"Say rather a throne fit for a goddess, for such it is," Miama replied, as she climbed to the high seat. Inviting the man to a seat beside her, the girl said: "It was here the beautiful goddess, Wanona, sat in judgment on her wicked sister, Chee-ato-ta. It was there on that platform at our feet that the proud and haughty Wa-Ho, the great war god, sank on bended knee in humble supplication for forgiveness at the hands of the just Wanona."

"The story then is Indian?" asked Jack as he moved into a more comfortable position where he could watch the girl's face.

"Yes, it is an old Indian legend, handed down from generation to generation, since the beginning. Now you must not interrupt any more."

"Once upon a time,—all stories start that way, don't they?" asked the fair narrator.

"I must not interrupt," he smiled.

"Oh! I forgot. Well once upon a time, there were two

goddesses, Wanona, the beautiful, and Chee-ato-ta the wicked. Wanona loved to wander in the woods, gathering the flowers wet with the morning dew. She liked to talk to the singing birds, and she would tell her secrets to the mountain streams, which they would carry down to the sea. The wild beasts of the forest and the birds of the air loved her, for she was always kind to every living thing. One day when Wanona was walking in the woods, she met a young hunter, chief of his tribe, brave and strong. Together they watched the humming birds gather nectar from the honey-laden flowers, and listened to the bluebird and its mate sing their love song in the treetops. They wandered hand in hand through the forest, and were happy.

"Wa-Ho, the great war god, saw them thus, one day, and was very angry for he, too, loved the beautiful Wanona, although she returned not his affection. Wa-Ho, in his rage, swore vengeance on the girl and her lover, and he called the wicked Chee-ato-ta to his assistance. Together they planned and schemed to lay the mighty Wamba-ahah low.

"Wa-Ho hurled his lightings and shot his bolts of thunder, but they fell harmless to the ground. Chee-ato-ta stirred to anger the wild beasts of the forest, but the mighty hunter Wamba-ahah slew them. So all the plans of Wa-Ho and the wicked Chee-ato-ta failed. And still Wanona and her chieftain lover walked in the forest shade, or sat by the bubbling fountain and whispered their love tales to each other.

"One day Wa-Ho and Chee-ato-ta counseled together. Chee-ato-ta hated the beautiful goddess, Wanona, as she hated everything good, and she said to Wa-Ho: 'A way there is that will place Wanona in our power. Her great strength and power are in her beautiful eyes. I know of a potion that will close her eyes, and so destroy her wondrous power. Then Wamba-ahah, the chieftain hunter, will no longer care for her, and all will be well. Tonight I will try the spell.'

"Wa-Ho consented, and went away well pleased that a way had at last been found to subdue the great goddess, Wanona. That night, as Wanona lay on her couch asleep, Chee-ato-ta, the wicked, crept into the room bearing in a brazier two live coals from the eternal fires of the altar. She laid a live coal on either eye of the sleeping Wanona, then fled into the night. The beautiful goddess awoke with a cry. The light of her beautiful eyes was dimmed forever. Knowing that her great power over all things was taken from her, she fled into the forest.

"There she lay hid for a time knowing not which way to turn. Her pretty hands were torn by the cruel thorns, and her dainty feet were bruised on the sharp stones.

"Chee-ato-ta found her there, and laughed in wicked glee at her unhappy plight. Thus, thinking to make her revenge more

complete, she picked up the unresisting form of Wanona in her arms, and cast her into the great canyon, thinking to be rid of her forever.

"A mighty eagle, soaring near the canyon's rim, saw the goodness, Wanona, falling to the cruel rocks below, and with lightning speed he caught the falling Wanona on his outspread wings and bore his precious burden safely to the depths of the canyon.

"The next morning, as Wamba-ahah was walking near the brink of the chasm, he heard the cry of Wanona from the depths below. He called to her, but she could not hear, and he knew not what to do. Hurrying to his lodge, he gathered together all of his deer-thongs which he formed into a mighty rope. Fastening one end of this rope to a giant pine, he threw the other end into the canyon. Down this fearful thread the brave Wamba-ahah made his way to the side of his loved one. Taking the blind goddess in his arms, he carried her to a spring of pure water which gushed forth out of the solid rock. Then he bathed her eyes in the crystal spring, and the goddess was healed.

"With the return of Wanona's sight, came back her power, and, taking her lover by the hand, she commanded the mighty stone walls to make way before her. As she walked, a trail opened up before her, and so it has remained to this day—the Bright Angel Trail."

Miami finished speaking. Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks aglow with the thoughts of the narrative.

The man drew a long breath, and took one of the girl's hands in both of his.

"And what become of Wanona and her lover?"

A dreamy look crept into the girl's eyes, and her cheeks flushed a deep crimson.

"They were married, and lived happy ever after."

They sat thus for a time, hand in hand, then, as their eyes met, the man said:

"And will you lead me up that trail, even as Wanona led the mighty hunter, Wamba-ahah, in the years gone by?"

And the girl, with love-light in her eyes, answered, "Yes."

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

—*Goldsmith.*

"The Broken-Hearted Come to Thee for Cure"

Selected from "Holly and Easter Lilies."

**Lo, as at morn a dove that upward springs,
Bathes glad its plumage in expanse of light,
So we, in words of love, O King of Kings,
Behold a dawn that follows after night.**

**The weary one doth ever near Thee draw,
The broken-hearted come to Thee for cure;
All tenderness and just Thy simple law,
Thy life all spotless as the lilies pure.**

**As beautiful the lilies to our eyes,
So is Thy gift of Love unto the soul;
Aye, still we learn that in Thy teaching lies
The perfect Love to make our beings whole.**

**Thy master Love shall triumph, Prince of Peace,
And one by one the thoughts of hate decay—
Thy blameless conquest, may it never cease,
As age to age the future rolls away!**

Alfred Lambourne.

Fiji, Remote and Picturesque

BY JOHN Q. ADAMS

Nine good round days of steaming south of Honolulu and we are in close proximity to the Fiji group. Not many stray bits of land have been encountered and we are now aware of our whereabouts by the way islands begin suddenly springing up about us, mushroom-like. The sailors' assertion that there are between two hundred and three hundred island dots in the group bids fair to



FIJIAN DANCE

become a reality. For nearly two full days there are islands of all shapes and sizes, through which we thread our devious way with trepidation. At one time I counted eight in view simultaneously, each interesting because of some distinctive feature. One small one, in particular, attracted attention because of its strikingly odd appearance. At a distance, with its rounding outline surmounted

with a straggling growth of cocoanut palms, it resembled remarkably a pincushion, the tall palms, with their peculiar head of leaves, appearing on the dim horizon as pins ready for Mother Nature's use.

At 10 o'clock on Christmas day (1907) we steamed slowly into Suva bay, announced by the boom of a cannon, for we were on the Royal Mail Line, and each month's arrival is a distinct event in the realm of isolation. What a Christmas compared with



FIJIAN VILLAGE

conditions at home! Cocoanuts, bananas, breadfruit, pineapples, melons and many other varieties of fruit never seen in America, together with a profusion of flowers of all colors, set amid a mass of green verdure, all combined to form a paradoxical winter scene.

The natives were a source of wonder, as first seen especially. Tall, fierce-looking, muscular fellows, straight as an arrow, and bushy-headed, they are easily connected in one's mind with the cannibals of a few years back. It is still whispered about that occasionally some luckless victim forms a table delicacy in the deep interior of some of the large islands, a number of which contain hundreds of square miles, and whose impenetrably dense forests are supposed to whisper no tales of clandestine encounter.

One old veteran still stalked about the streets of Suva, on our outward voyage, but was missing when we touched there for a week three and a-half years later. He still carried the once-dreadly

war club. With drooping shoulders and whitened hair he is now powerless, but in his youth, some three score ten years back, he ate human flesh as a matter of course, and as a memento of what he once was, he is designated as "Cannibal Tom." The American aborigine counted his victims by the number of scalps dangling from his belt. On old Tom's knotted war club fifty-two notches spoke mutely but forcibly of a like record of prowess and valor.

The disposition of the Fijians as a whole is now rather more affectionate than otherwise, it being no uncommon sight to see a group of men walking along, chatting and holding hands like children. Any position of trust considerably dignifies them. The mere honor of carrying a written message tends to send the 'naturally' erect head of the bearer to a dangerous backward tilt.

As we were marooned twenty-three days on Fiji, awaiting connections with the line that reaches Samoa, we were able to nose about considerably, and as a consequence, inland and coast-line jaunts became a daily occurrence.

The seaport of Suva, the most important within a radius of one thousand miles, is

of striking appearance. Lying upon a rising slope of sufficient angle to show its details to incoming vessels, a pleasing panorama unfolds itself with each hundred yards of closer creeping in. Smothered in a dense mass of tropical verdure that is terraced in close, parallel lines from beach to hill-top, white-faced cottages peep shyly from beneath and between its sheltering green—the very essence of quiet retreat.

Upon gaining the streets, views of cosmopolitan variance greet one on every hand. Thither comes a rattling, rumbling ve-



"Tall, fierce-looking, muscular fellows."

hicle of ancient English type, rolling along the beach boulevard in noisy complacency. Following it may be a group of thin-limbed Hindoos from distant India. In striking contrast are they to the swarthy, muscular type of islander following closely upon them in their noiseless, unshod tread.

From the opposite direction comes a long-drawn, penetrating blast from a sea-shell trumpet, announcing that at the fish market some lucky fisherman is acquainting the town with his successful arrival.

On the beach near at hand, a small schooner is grounded, laden with pineapples, while just beyond a snorting, energetic, miniature steamer is telling, in intermittent screeches, of its near departure for the great sugar mills up the river, on the other side of the island we are on.

In strolling along we pass a group of men squatting at their labor of cutting closely the grass from the roadside, with large knives, and we surmise correctly from the close proximity of armed guards that they are prisoners.

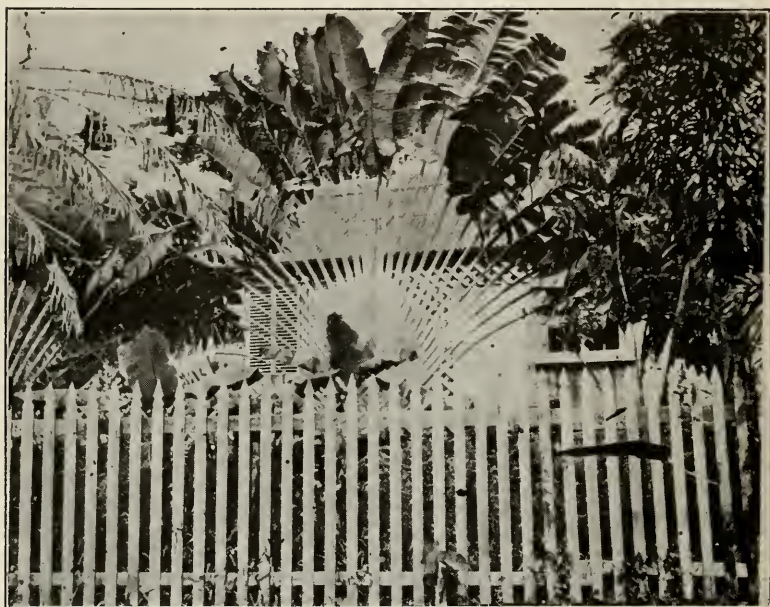
Now let us take a stroll to the table land above and back of the town. The thing we are struck with, and which we came to see is a vast expanse of marshy land, upon which are located great rice fields. Looking like grain, to which family it belongs, it is of itself no great curiosity, but note the method of its transplanting. First grown in a hot bed, it is then taken to the field to be set out. Along comes a Jap with an armful of stalks. One stalk is taken at a time and gently thrown with the root end down between the first two toes of his drill-foot. As the soil is semi-mud, with a slight pressure of the foot the roots



"CANNIBAL TOM"

are imbedded and another stalk replaces it in machine-like regularity, and thus he walks steadily and with scarcely a pause.

One more phase of Fiji we shall take up in conclusion, and that is a peep at the banana industry. Without detailing its previous history we shall simply place ourselves at the wharf beside



"White-faced cottages peep out"

which lies a liner, and note the interesting process of taking on cargo. Word has already gone out to outlying banana plantations to have their output at the wharf at the appointed time, and they surely respond.

Surrounding the vessel is a swarm of scows, tug boats and craft of every description, stacked high with the green-fingered bunches, and pushed, drawn and jerked hither and thither by oarsmen, sails, and gasoline launches. What a jabbering, chattering, noisy bunch of humanity and what an aggregation of varied craft!

To gain an idea of the amount of bananas taken on board and bound for New Zealand ports, I timed a load from the moment the huge rope net left the scow laden with ten crates or fifteen loose bunches, until it had returned for another like amount, after the great derrick or crane, manipulated by a donkey engine, had deposited the net-load in the bowels of the liner. The time consumed was but seventy seconds, and as three cranes were working day and night for 72 hours, the aggregate of bunches,

loose and crated, above as well as below deck, must have totaled tens of thousands.

Large bunches were offered at the wharf by native vendors for twelve and a half cents each.

With all the above stamped on our minds we turned our backs upon picturesque, remote Fiji one midnight, thankful that loose steamship connections in the South Pacific had dropped us such an opportunity.

RIVERSIDE, UTAH

To an Atheist

O man, thy haughty pride and skilfulness,
Is but a cloak for thy disgracefulness;
Thy fine contempt of all thou canst not prove
Or subject to thy law, does not remove
Thee further from that state of loftiness
Which thou dost seek, though not by faithfulness
And prayer, but by a cheap indifference,
Thrust in the face of God's omnipotence.

Yet, thou dost set thy crops and look for rain
And sun, to moisten and mature thy grain,
Dost murmur, should thy land be parched and dry,
Dost turn a hard-set face toward the sky,
To cast self-blinded eyes, by far too proud,
In hope of finding, soon, a rainy cloud;
And, seeing none, doth sigh for very fear
Thy bread should be the scarcer for it next year.

Or should thy crops prove richer than before,
Thou'lt gather gleefully into thy store,
Nor give a little thanks to Him above
Who gives to all a measure of his love;
Thou seest thy neighbors enter the Church door
To give their thanks, aye—e'en the very poor.
And while they pay their tithes or sing a psalm,
Thou'lt clasp thy gold the tighter in thy palm,

And dream of some day reaching heights of fame,
(Which giveth unto man a gilded name)
By conjuring up some creed—Man's evolution,
Thinking to overthrow facts of God's creation.
Oh, shrunken spirit, better for thee a sleep
Dreamless, unwoke—eternal, deep—
Than late to stand, cowering beneath thy shame,
Clutching thy withered wreath of earthly fame.

But thus it cannot be, you must awake!
Death has small power since Christ its chains did break.
He gave unto us all a free salvation,
That we might work, and earn an exaltation;
So, too, in time, that which you scorned below,
(God's holy law) you'll hear again, and know.
By dint of strictest serving, and much pain,
You yet his promised blessings can obtain.

LILAIINE OLVA

Worship

BY JOSEPH QUINNEY, OF THE PRESIDENCY OF THE CACHE STAKE
OF ZION

Truth has always existed, but its development in the mind of man has been delayed mostly because of ignorance and inexperience, and, we may say, a lack of appreciation for truth. In all ages of human progress, it has required the most profound thought, and hard work, to develop truth. The mind of man has become susceptible to the influences that have brought about development and growth. We are indebted for it to the very few who have given their time and energy to the carefully prepared facts they have established for the blessings and salvation of the human race. In this hour of progress, in this time of our enlightened civilization, as in other periods of the world's history, the spirit of appreciation is felt only on our endeavor to apply the truths that have come to help and bless us. When a truth finds application in our lives, we find then a growth and expansion of our beings, and also gratitude and thanksgiving to those who have made a better life possible. In this sense the spirit of worship takes hold, and we experience a homage, and feel a reverence and a respect for those who have developed truth. One cannot worship truly without a deep feeling of gratitude in his soul, and gratitude is developed only through our efforts to serve. Problems are solved only when the fundamentals of the problems are understood, and the solution of the fundamentals is the seat of gratitude. Understanding how to do a thing means work, but to apply the thing we understand requires not only work, but moral and physical courage. When we are living out our problems we know how to appreciate and bless, we know how to worship and to praise. To understand how to worship there must be a development of feeling, the very highest type of feeling. When the three wise men beheld the star of Bethlehem, we are told in the annals of profane history that it required a long period of years of hard labor and thought with astronomical instruments before they could determine the coming of the Holy One. Gratitude, appreciation, thanksgiving and praises were the results of this long labor. When they arrived at the birth place of the Lowly Nazarene, a feeling of worship came over them: "When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and when they came into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him, and when

they had opened their treasures, they presented him with gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh." This was the most splendid thing that had ever come into their lives. It was the working out of a divine truth, the development of gratitude, the result of which was true worship. It was not the mere presentation of costly gifts that gave them a feeling of gratitude, because the act of giving was the custom of the people in those days; it was not that their efforts had been rewarded by a new star alone, the appearance of which had blessed their souls. Their reward came in knowing that all their efforts had developed a splendid truth, and that in their own lives the sense of gratitude was so deeply rooted that they knew how to worship when they beheld the Son of God.

To worship is one thing, to know how to worship is quite another. To know how to do things requires thought, the wise men knew the spirit of worship, because of the utilization of developed truth.

Columbus discovered America long before his ship sailed from Spain. Preparations had qualified him for any and all events, hardships or disfavours. He knew there was a new land to be discovered. His final message to the queen of Spain was not made without mighty struggle. His integrity to the working out of a truth which he knew would herald the dawn of a new era, a new civilization, a new world, if you please, shines forth as a light of inspiration to all the world. He knew what gratitude was, he knew how to worship, because he had learned the fundamentals of worship. He had met defeat, times without number, but in it all, he felt the encouragement of an Infinite Being. His deep feeling of gratitude was so exemplified in his soul that his first thought, after being commissioned of Spain, to sail out upon the unknown seas for the promised land, was to revere and pay homage to God. This is worship, the kind that opens the windows of the universe, so that the wisdom of the Almighty may enlarge men's understanding.

There is in-born in every human soul the instinct of worship, no matter who, or where the individual is, or may be. Permit this instinct to grow and develop, and it will earn by natural growth the fundamentals of worship. Among some of the savage races, where instinct has been the only means of determining how to worship, gratitude has formed a basic principle of their true worship. "There is a spirit in man, not in the privileged few, but in all God's children, which is the guide to truth, is the gracious gift to each member of the human family."

As Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, puts it:

"Reason exists in every breast, I mean not that faculty which deduces inferences from the experiences of the senses, but that higher faculty which from the infinite treasure of his own consciousness origi-

nates truth and assents to it by the force of intuitive evidence. That faculty which raises us beyond the control of time and space, and gives us faith in things eternal and invisible."

This spirit in man is not an imaginary thing, because it is the beacon light to all truth. When properly developed it prepares us for our proper worship. Indeed, we may say it actually raises us beyond the control of time and space, and gives us faith in things eternal. There is no distinction in love, or in its feelings, because the same love that gave gratitude to the wise men which formed the basis of their worship, also characterizes the savage mother who has the same tender feelings for her offspring as any mother can know. This love and affection is gratitude, to this savage mother. In her heart she worships most sincerely. This faculty within, which gives us hope and faith in things invisible and eternal, is developed more in some than in others, although it is inborn in all. Mr. George Bancroft lectured upon art and government, in the year 1835. In philosophizing upon the subject, he assumes to say:

"The eye in one person may be dull, in another quick; in one distorted, and in another tranquil and clear; yet the relation of the eye to the light is in all men the same."

This seems to be reasonable, yet, while the relation of the eye to the light is the same in all men, there is in some a more developed degree of appreciation of this relationship than in others. It is the same in our degrees of worship. There are some who worship without knowing why, others worship because of the development of the instinct within them. The latter consequently have the full purpose of worship thoroughly established within them. The one who does not know the true virtue of worship is he who has not conformed to the law of worship. He does not understand its purpose and therefore the instinct within has only the same relation to worship as the undeveloped eye has to the light.

We are convinced that worship is a good thing, just as much so as we are convinced that, "religion itself is a dead letter wherever its truths are not renewed in the soul." Among all classes of people there is an established moral law, the standard of which should fit the needs of the people. Permit the violation of this law to pass unnoticed, and you will find an element of uncertainty the growth of which is damaging. The violator of this law becomes, in time, a menace, a breeder of immorality, and, finally, an undesirable citizen. It is true there is still the instinct within, but by the lack of its development he is what he is. If he were to attempt to worship under conditions of this kind, it is very likely that his worship would be an insincere one, because of his sense of gratitude being of a low order.

The violation of law must have a reaction some time, and when the reaction takes place it requires double energy to reestablish a normal condition. Let me further illustrate: The boy with a splendid intellect, for instance, smokes a cigarette, his first attempt arouses the instinct within, and it promptly tells him that he has violated a law. But if he continues to smoke cigarettes, it deadens the instinct to such an extent that he soon becomes almost immune to the law. His mind, at first, is keen and sharp like a razor-blade, but draw the razor-blade over a hard surface once, and it affects its keenness; continue the process, and in time the edge will become blunt, and of no service. So in the scale of morality; the continued violation of the rules that govern it unfits and disqualifies us for worship. It is stated that,

"Immorality of itself never won to its support the inward voice; conscience, if questioned, never forgets to curse the guilty with the memory of sin, to cheer the upright with the meek tranquility of approval. And this admirable power which is the instinct of Deity is the attribute of every man."



LATTER-DAY SAINTS CHURCH, AT MESA, ARIZONA

Immorality cannot enter into true worship. True, the immoral can enter into places of worship and participate in the forms of worship, but his soul is immune, so to speak, to the spirit of it. True worship can only be known through the channels of true living, and when I say true living, I do not wish to convey the idea that thoughts alone constitute a true life. Thoughts are useless without application. It requires, therefore, the utilization of thought to give growth, strength and power. To worship in truth, one must know how, and what to think. One must understand the true relationship between thought and action. One must be sincere, honest in word and deed, conform himself to the laws of morality, and live beyond reproach.

This thing we call worship carries with it a significant power, a power that is strong and far-reaching. Those who worship in truth, radiate this power, and are stronger and more powerful than those who worship not, regardless of the fact that they have lived good lives.

Religious worship is the medium through which the greatest power in the world operates; it has in it the life-saving elements of the human soul. It gives courage to the oppressed, uplifts the down-trodden, sends a ray of light into the eyes of the blind, carries comfort to the poor, encompasses God's great universe, and breathes the breath of life into the human race.

Money power has its mission: it turns the wheels of industry, giving countless millions their daily bread, clothes them, and furnishes the material sustenance of life. It drives countless trains across the continent at lightning speed, carrying human freight hither and thither, and conveying the products of agriculture and the mine to their destination. The great ships that traverse the oceans are the results of money power, which has also made it possible for men to transmit messages from hemisphere to hemisphere, over seas and land in the twinkling of an eye. This money power has provided all the conveniences that bless the civilizations of the world; yes, it has its mission. But the greater Power that has operated upon the minds of men to invent all these conveniences is the Power that governs and controls the destinies of men. It is the Power by which the world revolves upon its axis, the Power through which, and by which, the worlds were created. It is the Power by which we should know how and why we worship.

Political power also has its mission, in that it should provide good government. In the Articles of Confederation, and also in the Declaration of Independence, the exercise of free worship is provided for, and those men who were instruments in drafting these declarations of truth are the kind of men who make history for our profit and good. Great consideration should be given to these men because of the work they accomplished in

giving to us free will in our worship. It is also a gratification to know that the great power that came from Washington, Lincoln, and others of our patriot fathers, came by reason of their devotion and worship. The political power of our country is most splendid in its purpose, in that it is so democratic in form. It provides for a system of free thought and free worship that no other government in the whole world enjoys. The advent of the Pilgrim fathers into this land was the beginning of our nation's civilization. It was the dawn of a new era, and the beginning of a new peace on earth, to worship in freedom and in confidence, to feel and give expression to high moral truths that would build strong their great motives.

When people are found living in harmony with a high law, they need but few lawgivers. Where the instinct of man is developed, and he is in tune with high and splendid principles, the spirit of true worship is in his soul. It has been a mighty struggle, a glorious victory. These Pilgrims had suffered oppression and tyranny, and we know there comes a time when the human soul, after it has been abused and afflicted, will seek for a new home, an asylum of rest, where its spark of divine truth can expand and operate; where love and confidence can dwell together in peace; where inspiration can build and uplift, and where true worship can be made the great ruling power of the world.

The desire to worship is a most beautiful thing. While it requires a struggle, at times, to bring about a condition of mind and soul preparatory to worship, it must be remembered that victory in any form is never gained without a struggle, and the greater the struggle, the greater the victory, and the more splendid the result. The consciousness of having won a hard-fought struggle is one of the proudest, most satisfying feelings that comes into one's life. I refer to one great character in our nation's history, who no doubt contributed much to bring about a condition which permitted free worship in this land. Thomas Payne, when he wrote his book called *The Crisis*, made use of these words:

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier, and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country, but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered, yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods, and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated."

This book was read to every regiment, the purpose being to infuse courage into the sinking spirits of the soldiers. It was an awful struggle, this Revolutionary war, yet it had to be. There was a yearning, an intensified desire to be free. Freedom,

you know, is gained by the utilization of high thought. There is, and always has been, an expansion of that freedom, and where that liberty has been suppressed there has been, of necessity, a struggle. It is true that under conditions of this kind, our souls are tried, and sometimes it has happened that the struggle for freedom has separated the loves of household and kindred; but the result of it all is, and always has been, the development of truth, a better civilization, higher morals, and better worship.

In the minds of some, it matters very little where they worship, so long as theirs is a sincere and true worship. Some receive their inspiration while in the fields at work, and this is a glorious worship. Our inspiration can come in the school room, upon the mountain top, in the bowels of the earth, out upon the broad seas, in our homes or in the church. In any and all of these places, there can be a development of the instinct within. The individual can easily adjust himself, if his mind is susceptible to the spirit of worship, to all conditions that arise. As to the choice of where to worship, it is a matter of opinion, some worship exclusively in the church, and that is the extent of their worship. Some use the church for a place of worship, because they feel a reverence for the church itself, and consequently receive their satisfaction from this kind of worship. Others make home a place in which to worship, and it would appear to my mind that the home is equal to any other place in which to pay tribute, and worship. I am of the opinion that the home is the place to concentrate upon the one great purpose, and that one purpose is to emphasize the power of a well-lived life, and of efficacy of worship. In my opinion, family worship provides for a preparation for public service, which in itself is significant. True family service, honest in purpose, is the service that really counts. In this connection the relationship between public service and the home becomes a means of better citizenship. If the proper provision were made in the home for family worship, then our church worship would become more effective, and a combination of the two would become ideal. It is usually conceded that the church is the proper place in which to worship. In this there can be no mistake nor controversy, because churches are built for this very purpose; but the worship of the individual who has his being attuned to worship, whether he be in the Church or out of it, is the worship that radiates power and influence. If we were to select men and women for service, whether in the church or out of it, it would be those people who carry with them an influence that radiates and thrills. There is a difference in religious worship. Some conform to the ceremonies of worship because they feel in so doing their standing in society will not be questioned; yet who in their hearts are morally corrupt. An individual who carries with him insincere thoughts will sooner or later commit

insincere deeds, and his worship will be a condemnation instead of a help. Hypocrites cannot live in society. They cannot live in the Church. They may make pretensions, but in the end the false fruits of their labors will be known. I wish to emphasize the thought that honesty should be the governing motive of our lives in all our endeavors. If there is honesty in our hearts, our whole lives will be actuated by correct living, and we will be in a position to deal correctly with worship. Honesty in its full sense of meaning is one of the very rare elements in which all of us are deficient. We deceive ourselves, by not complying with the principles of honesty.

O how splendid, indeed, is an honest man or woman! How much of this world's progress depends upon the highest type of citizenship, and how necessary it is to inculcate the truth into the service we do each day.

"I like the man who faces what he must,
 With a step triumphant, and a heart of cheer.
 Who fights the daily battle without fear;
 Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps the unfaltering trust,
 That God is God; that somehow true and just,
 His plans work out for mortals. Not a tear
 He sheds when fortune, which the world holds dear,
 Falls from his grasp. Better with love a crust,
 Than living in dishonor. Envy not,
 Nor looses faith in man, but does his best.
 Nor even murmurs at his humble lot,
 But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
 To every toiler. He alone is great
 Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

In our discussion of the development of the instinct, it was my purpose to leave the thought that this inborn feeling was a part of our mental or soul system, and that in all people there is a supernatural power. Through the development of this instinct, or supernatural power, we can in time know who and what to worship. To my mind this is the most important part of our thought on this important subject. We may have our ideals, and these ideals may govern our attitude in worship. There may be men who stand out as most splendid examples of inspiration and thought, and in our hearts we idolize, and in many instances worship them, but the important thing is to know and feel that in our worship we are recognizing the proper One in whom we should rely for our guidance in life.

There are millions of people today who worship idols of stone, the sun, the moon and the stars, only through habit; and in it all, the operations of the instinct, of this supernatural power, governs to an extent. The people, for instance, who worship the sun, use the sun as the medium through which the great power, as they call it, operates. It is not in reality the sun or the moon,

nor even idols that they worship, but it is the Great Governing Force behind all of these creations to which they submit their souls.

There are some who idolize and even worship men who have been great reformers in their time. This class is called hero worshipers. Among the Arabs, for instance, they have their Mahomet. He is their hero, their idol, their great guide. They look upon him as one inspired of God; a prophet, a man of God, not God. I pause long enough to state that the advent of this great man in the world has had a direct bearing on the world's progress. His life each day develops and grows, and has become strong and masterful among his race. He has a following of idolizers who pay homage to his memory. Of course, it requires time in which to judge greatness, and the great significance connected with this man is the fact that one hundred and eighty millions of people worship at his shrine. Carlyle tells us: "The most significant feature in the history of an epoch is the manner it has of welcoming a great man." This man Mahomet is numbered among the mighty men of the earth, and the hundred and eighty millions of people who are followers of his word, welcome him as one sent of God; yet it required a long period of years, after his death, for the people to determine his greatness.

Real great men do not boast of their greatness, others do that for them: Carlyle in speaking of great men gives us this statement:

"The great man's sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of, nay, I suppose he's conscious rather of insincerity, for what man can walk accurately by the law of truth for one day? No, the great man does not boast himself sincere, far from that; perhaps does not ask himself if he is so; I would say rather his sincerity does not depend upon himself; he cannot help being sincere. The great fact of existence is great to him; fly where he will, he cannot get out of the awful presence of his reality. His mind is so made, he is great by that, first of all. Fearful and wonderful, real as life, real as death, is this universe to him. Though all men forget its truth and walk in vain show, he cannot. At all moments the flame-image glares in upon him; undeniable, there, there; I wish you to take this as my primary definition of a great man, a little man may have this, it is competent to all men that God has made; but a great man cannot be without it."

Mahomet's people were Arabs, were gifted people, brilliant and beautiful, they boasted of many poets before Mahomet's time. They recognized the planets, the natural objects as symbols, immediate manifestations of God's great power. All God's works are still in a sense symbols of God. This man Mahomet, after seeking the unknown power, or responding to the instinct of worship within, declares that he received his message from the unseen world. This inspiration taught him that the worship of the

sun, the moon, the stars, the idols and even men was not the true worship. The manifestation of God's power was so established everywhere in nature that the inspiration of it all was a message of peace. His worship was to God, the Creator of the sun, the moon, the stars and men. Then he, God, in whose image we are created, gave life to all his creations, and the law by which all these creations exist is understood and governed by the God we should worship.

We, being the manifestations of his power, governed by his law, in whose image we are formed, should develop within ourselves this instinct of worship to the extent that reverence and truth should fill our beings, so that in going to him for aid, we may do so with an assurance satisfying and soul-inspiring.

LOGAN, UTAH

Our Flag

[By an effective reading of the following lines, on April 20, last, Mr. Thomas L. Reilly, of Connecticut, fired the patriotism of his associates in the House of Representatives, at Washington, D. C.]

Your flag and our flag,
 And how it floats today
 O'er your land and my land,
 And half the world away.

Blood-red and rose-red,
 Its stripes forever gleam;
 Snow white and soul white,
 The good forefathers' dream.

Sky blue and true blue,
 With stars that beam aright;
 A gloried guidon of the day,
 A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag—
 Oh, how much it holds
 Your heart and my heart
 Secure within its folds!

Your heart and my heart
 Beat quicker at the sight;
 Sun kissed and wind tossed,
 The red and blue and white.

The one flag! the great flag!
 The flag for me and you!
 Glorified, all else beside,
 The red and white and blue.

W. D. NESBIT

Voice of the Intangible

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN

Chapter XXVII—Adios

From the summit of Castle Hill, Ben discovered a lone horseman coming down the wash. It was one o'clock in the afternoon and everything blistering hot, especially to a head covered by a red handkerchief instead of a hat, and for the sake of a little shade and to forestall any possible danger, young Rojer tied Deut in the shade of a cedar, and with his saddle-gun sprawled in the shade of a tree near by.

From where he lay, chin in hands and elbows ploughing into the cedar leaves, he could view the approach to the hill from both sides; for be it known that Something had whispered him to take no sleep or rest until he felt full permission to do so. He enjoyed the shade ten minutes before he recognized the horse as the hickory-hearted buckskin, and made bold to take the rider for Juan, and the dog following, for Mike.

The guess was a good one. Half way down the hill he met the smiling "Chili con carne" and the glass-eyed wag-tail, both tickled to death to see him, as if he had come up from the grave. While the old dog frisked about Deut's feet, and barked, and tried to climb up into the saddle,—that brown Mexican face and those black Castillian eyes, beamed with a satisfaction so genuine that Ben had to wink hard to keep back the tears. He knew the Mexican way is to embrace, and he knew Juan felt the impulse strongly at that moment, but the embrace was a sacred thing; he had shared it with one man only, so he thrust out his hand instead. Rido grasped it firmly, and why not? though these had been parted but thirty hours. Had not young Rojer passed a mighty climax in that time, and met the dread spectre of years? He had not only met it, but defeated it according to the most honorable standards of battle.

Of course, Juan had small idea of the victory, yet it came up to his loftiest notion of triumph; for Ben was alive, hatless and coatless to be sure, but still unhurt. Whether any man lay rotting back over the hill, was a matter of minor import, yet the more that rotted, the merrier. "When I see you didn't got to camp last night," he began, "I didn't sleep a dem wing; an' when it got mornin' I jus' told 'em I was comin,' an' piled on de ole yellar an' hit de trail dis way."

"But what the world could you have done?"

"I was follow your track, an' if dey have kill you, I was kill every — — — one of de whole tribe," and in his energy he got most of his cuss-words wrong-side-to or bottom-side-up, in such a way as to give Ben's smiling muscles a slow contraction.

"I can't swear United States **perty** good," he apologized, "but I don't got no flies on my **Mexican** cussing."

When young Rojer had swung down and patted the old pup, he left him to bring up the rear, while he and Juan made good time through Castle Gulch and over Clay Hill.

West & Co. had made camp at Dripping Spring when the two rode up and their supper-time dovetailed nicely into Ben's plans.

"Well, I see they didn't git you," ventured the man from Snicksville, "did you git any of them?"

"I left 'em a-foot," answered Ben getting up from supper, "but Juan can tell you about it; I'm going to Peavine yet to-night."

Juan, of course, had heard the whole story, that is, all he could understand of it, knowing nothing of the Intangible.

The parting with West & Co., was perfunctory, but when young Rojer came to Juan, he felt a real pang of regret, and hung on to the brown hand thoughtfully, "You've always been honest and willing, and—" Ben hesitated under the curious stare of West's men, "here's old Jings, take 'im to be your horse, and when you ride 'im, remember that I liked your work and gave Jings to prove it."

Rido objected, and the moist eyes betrayed the return of that embracing impulse. However, he finally consented on condition that Ben would wear his own stiff sombrero, in place of the knotted handkerchief.

With the pack on Flossy, himself on Snip, Deut trotting free, and Mike joyfully bringing up the rear, Ben wore the sombrero and started away alone into the night, among the dear old cedars of the Ridge. For all that he was sleepy, and weary and drilled down like an old horse, he endured the motion of a lively trot till one or two o'clock in the morning.

He drew reign in the quakingasp grove of Peavine Spring. The pack and saddles came off without delay, three pairs of hobbles were pressed into service, a blanket bed made into shape. Then in the same spot where Fred Rojer took such pains to teach his son of the inspiration which comes to the spirit of man, that same little son, now grown tall, bowed in prayer by his pillow, and lowered his head to a rest which he knew would not be disturbed by man or beast.

Morning on the Elk mountain is always a glorious thing, but Ben thought it never so lovely as when its gentle whispers stirred

him to consciousness that time in June. It cooed to him in its motherly way, and told him he was free,—more free than he had ever been, and ready to enter upon greater labors than he had known hitherto.

He felt no need of hurry, he could leave the mountain that day or the next as he chose; and while he went over the situation, considering the complete and glorious nature of his victory, he thought it fitting and appropriate that the day be given over to communion with the Intangible, as a sort of thanksgiving. There were nooks on the mountain from which a voice had called when he had no time to go; now he would visit them, and hear all they had to say.

When he had saddled Flossy and started off with Mike at her heels, he cared little which direction she took, or how slowly she moved. "My time is mine to spend as I please," he mused, "I shall 'loose myself in these continuous woods' and hear the voice of her greenest depths."

The mountain rose around him like a great, leafy garden of peace, and he felt to hurl himself into the maze of leaves and flowers,—get lost in them,—become a member of their loving brotherhood. He considered the blossoms and the sweet smell of the pines,—he looked thoughtfully at the clear water trickling below tangles of wild rose-bush, and wandered with his eye to the hillside where the deer may hide in the underbrush. "Oh what a heaven in which to live!" he whispered, "to rest and sleep in this air! or be a bird in an aspen tree, or a grouse in a towering pine! But there is something greater,—my father knew it—he told me of it, and lo, I have found it: the voice of God calling to ears that hark deep in the stillness."

Whether that voice came from the shady groves of oak and maple, or from the lofty limbs where the scented breezes sighed and the mountain birds called,—whether it dwelt in the swell of the wind, or the silence which followed, it yet found a way to travel from the wondrous lips which spoke it: "Be noble; be true; seek for the path of eternal exaltation. 'Build thee more stately mansions' while the years of earth are given thee."

From the top of The Bear's Ears, he held long communion with the hazy distance towards Pagahrit,—recalled the thirst and weariness of that land, and the precious lessons they had been the means of teaching.

Then he rode out to an abrupt break on Kigaly Point, dropped Flossy's reins over a limb, and stretched on his back in the shade of a pine. He was a part of the harmony of the green mountain,—it dwelt in his eyes and his ears,—it found glad place in his blood and his heart and his mind. He had not looked long at the needly boughs above, till his weary, sleep-craving soul

surrendered to the magic of the great lullaby, and he saw and heard with the strange eyes and ears it provided.

Immediately a robed choir appeared above him in the air. They must have been lower than the top of the pine, and the wonderful chant of their anthem seemed to bear him away with its echoes. Then their song of the air became the glad shout of romping children, and their flowing robes were transformed to short dresses and little trousers.

The dream had changed—old Deut and another brown pulled the plow across the virgin prairie, and three little rompers played in the up-turned soil. Ben himself walked in the new furrow; he heard himself cluck to Deut and his mate; he saw his own hands on the lines and the plow-handle. Also, he felt for the three toddling tots, a love which none but a father may know.

At the head of the plowed strip, by a wagon, sat a young woman, wearing a spreading straw hat, and knitting a little stocking. She was fair, so far as the distance and the hat revealed her features, but while yet some distance from the wagon the team stopped to puff, for the ground was heavy.

When Ben sat on the plow-beam to rest, the three toddlers swarmed all over him like so many rollicking puppies. They climbed astride of his knees and hung around his neck,—they chattered and crowed at perfect ease, and one of them called him "Papa." For his part he held their soft little hands and stroked their curly hair with genuine delight.

But old Mike, looking jealously on from the outside, began to push his way into his master's caresses, by crowding the children aside. This breach of etiquette displeased Father Ben, and he condemned it so loudly and severely that he awakened himself, and saw his lone dog and horse looking wonderingly down upon him.



*"Where the scented breezes
sighed and the mountain birds
called."*

That those three romping tots lived nowhere but in a dream, was by no means a pleasant thing to discover. Young Rojer was also half angry with the old dog for waking him before he had seen the young woman's face, for he might have remembered it for future acquaintance. But still sleepy, he dozed again and saw the robed choir and heard them chant something about, "Never fear; never doubt."

From Dwarf Spring the next morning, young Rojer gazed far away beyond the Utah-line, into Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, and instinctively the home-made song came to mind:

"In the hazy distance, hidden from view,
A voice is calling, 'I'm waiting for you.'"

"Come in, old boys," he said to his three-horse outfit, "she's over there somewhere," and Mike followed them down the trail on a brisk lope.

It is now ten years since Ben Rojer met Juan Rido on Castle Hill. Ben is in the full vigor of firm-handed manhood. His three children like nothing better than to go with him to the field, and there "Ma" likes to put on her wide straw hat and go, too.

Deut, though not active and swift as he used to be, is still able to hold his end of the double-tree with a brown mare very much like himself, and the three toddlers who follow along in the new, fresh earth, think Deut and Fan are the best team in the world.

Jud Hiles is a thrifty farmer in the same prosperous neigh-



DISPLAY OF NAVAJO BLANKETS

oorhood. He drives every morning with his little tribe of husky boys to the field, where they learn to do things in a firm-jawed way, and love their father for the growing toes of the kindly crow-feet by his big brown eyes. If Jud meets Ben in the road, it is very likely the two will stop and talk, for they are fellows of a sturdy friendship pledged years ago by the flickering camp-fires of Pagahrit.

In the wilds of Arizona, like an outcast, withered and worn, Montana is still hunting for a den in the earth where no voice will demand of him: "Where is thy brother!"

Jimmy Banehlizhen is a big medicine-man among his people, still "seeing God in clouds, and hearing him in the winds,"—still harking to the great Intangible which will sometime lead his benighted brethren to follow a better way. He makes it his business to see Ben once a year and his visits have inspired Mrs. Rojer with a growing respect for her brown brother-in-law.

Things are still "go'in' agin" Josh Widder. He believes men have conspired to deny him their company and their confidence, and to ambush him with disappointment and rejection at every turn in the road. And yet, that small germ of manhood, which in some strange way appealed on the last trip to Ben, is slowly growing among the tangled weeds of Widder's nature. More than once since he left Pagahrit, his feelings have been worked upon by strength of arm, and he has shown vague notions of reformation. Those notions so far, however, have lost themselves on the great barrier of dishonest practice and dishonorable ways, built up by a thick-nosed young-manhood around a decaying old age.

This part of the story would be wanting for some account of Juan Rido, but for a letter he recently wrote to Ben, telling how old Jings had just died, and how, "I don't got no sorey fer de por ol hors, but I shur lov de man what gives hem to me." He stated further that he lived on a ranch in New Mexico,—that he had a small family and a bunch of cattle; and though he didn't take the trouble to say so, there is little doubt that in the evening he trots his little black-eyed toddlers on his knee and sings, "*Chili con carne y leche con pan.*"

The frowning displeasure of the Intangible has long since driven Soorowits forth, broken-down and nervous, from the fastnesses of his exile. He complained that the night cursed him, that the clouds scowled upon him, the very lizards on the hot rocks peeped over and laughed at his misfortunes, till he sued for peace. When his prayer was granted, for it transpired that for some trifling technicality the legal proceeding against him were not legal at all, he sought out Ben's new home, and offered his grimy old hand for a friendly shake. He got it. The "smiling, damned villian," and the snake-eyed snorter, availed themselves of this

same assurance, and went back to their *wickiups* to live the lives of righteous Pahlutes, who hold it a sin to steal and be caught.

It would be a pleasure to write the next chapter of this story; to report that the germ of manhood has triumphed in Josh Widder, till he could appreciate and return Ben's good will; to report further that Jimmy Banehlizhen had helped to accomplish among his people, the mighty change for the better, which civilization so little expects.

It would be a pleasure to relate that Ben had become all which manhood means to him, and met his father in "the hazy distance." But years must elapse for that chapter to be acted out before it may be written at all. Life itself will no more than suffice to make good Ben's ambition: a great God-feeling which comes powerfully upon him from the whole expanse of earth and sky, both while he labors in the field, and while he plays with his romping tots at home. When his day's plowing is finished and he drives towards the new prairie village,—when he looks towards the red sky above the sinking sun, that ambition comes forcibly back to his mind, and he sings:

"In the hazy distance, hidden from view,
A voice is calling, 'I'm waiting for you.'"

Then from the responsive west, a wind seems to bring again the words: "You'll join me there afterwhile, and when I meet you I want to meet a man, not a thing—a true man who has stood every test the Lord prepared."

And a resolution is enkindled for the thousandth time in Ben Rojer's breast,—a resolution which in words would be: "When he meets me, my life must have been such that he cannot refrain from saying, 'Son I'm proud of you.'"



THE END

Training for Women

The Opening Vista of Greatest Opportunity

BY DR. E. G. PETERSON, DIRECTOR EXTENSION DIVISION, UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

As our educational system has developed under the influence of enlightened public opinion, more and more pressure has been exerted to make our education prepare young men and women for the responsibilities of life. This has now been quite generally accepted as a desirable function of our colleges—to prepare for life. Yet they have come to this realization only after decades and decades of severe struggle. An actual snobbery of intellect has been built up in many of our schools which resents the intrusion of practical things into the course of study. Pride has frequently been taken in the fact that courses of study did not tend to enable the students to make a living. College and university professors and high school teachers often have, and do, become very smug and self satisfied. It has been hard to successfully combat this spirit, but it has been done. A pride in usefulness is the commendable result which now dominates in many of our colleges. The issue here is not as it may appear. Most men concede that education should be related to the welfare of the race; it is the immediately practical which many resent. They would hold the world's knowledge pure and undefiled from the crowd. They resent the boisterous in education; and a practicalization of our courses often destroys that quiet academic atmosphere which all who have felt it love so much. So do we all deprecate the boisterous. But there are greater evils. Force, power and purpose often go with bad manners.

As education has concerned itself more and more with practical things, it has naturally concerned itself with the two most fundamental things in society—farm and home. These two units (sociologically they probably should be considered one) are very closely united. The needs of man from the beginning of time have been simple—food and shelter, which imply farm and home. A few acres upon which to raise food and fabric for wear and a home in which to expend the energy created by this food in the highest form—the maintenance and development of a family—this in large measure tells the story of man.

How best to perform this simple life cycle is a big concern of education; how agriculture has been found by study to be a

very complex thing involving in its best practice the keenest intelligence, the loftiest motives, and the most steadfast morality. Yet home life, on the part of the mother, demands greater intelligence, a higher devotion, a more steadfast morality.

The mother is the highest embodiment of our civilization and is our most intimate concern. Her well being means very much to the race—more than all else combined. Her education is the most immediate necessity of the state, because the child or children whom she rears through the most impressionable period of their lives are influenced very decidedly by her intelligence or lack of intelligence.

A state's money given to education should, therefore, be spent in very liberal measure to aid in building a strong home. What absolute inanity was this we heard a few years ago that there was no opportunity for the exercise of intelligence in the ordinary activities of the home? Cooking, a civilization-old art; sewing, equally old; sanitation, involving the most complex application of the modern sciences of bacteriology and physiology; child nature, involving practically all of physiology and of psychology; home beautifying, involving not academic considerations but art applied to life; child education, the most potential force in society; home management, involving economic expenditure of the family income,—all this and much more is implied in a study of home economics.

And all this in the home is worked out under very different conditions from the conditions which obtain in any other business or profession. In the home, human life and welfare are at stake. In any other business a failure may be followed by another attempt; in the home a failure means a permanent injury to society.

More money should be spent upon the education of women in a state than upon the education of men. And the woman's education should be preponderantly a preparation for home life. What a great need there is for someone to organize and systematize this growing sentiment of mankind. What an opportunity for real leadership. How little we need the harping, shrill voiced, combative female; how much we need the great woman leader. Practical considerations for the time will hold this great work below its proper level, but it is not far in the future when it will be recognized as is its due. In the meantime, boards of education, in both elementary and higher institutions, are being more and more impressed with the wonderful potentiality of training for women. The long fight which has been made by President Widtsoe, of the Agricultural College, and others associated with him, for recognition of home economics as a part of both our higher and our elementary education is just now coming to fruition after fifteen years of opposition.

A law of vital concern to Utah has recently passed the national congress. It waits only for agreement on an amendment and the signature of the president. It may be law before this reaches print. It provides among other things for the further carrying, by the Extension Division of the Agricultural College, of the fruits of our knowledge of household science and art to the women of the state, much enlarging our present powers in the work*; a strong effort will be made to extend the application of this law to home economics. In no other place is the money of a nation more wisely expended than in training the mothers of the nations.

Utah should develop its home economics education to a very high plane—it has done and is doing well, much better than many states, in fact most states. If the spirit of the pioneer women prevails in their daughters in Utah, there should be a flowering of womanhood here which will be the admiration of the world, because our early history is a chronicle of noble women as well as noble men. Many of them had broad culture and all were endowed with a wonderful character of fortitude and lofty ambition.

LOGAN, UTAH

*The bill passed the Senate February 7, 1914, and provides five million dollars a year to be spent in carrying the message of household economics direct to the farmers. The bill was referred to in the April ERA, p. 607.—EDITORS.



Field Secretary Oscar A. Kirkham telling the story of "Courage," by Anthony W. Ivins (See ERA, Vol. 17, Nov., 1913, p. 44), to a company of M. I. A. Scouts, on the romantic Maple Flats, near Provo, Utah.

Loyalty to Idaho

BY A. MAGDELENE FUNK

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

How adequately did the poet voice the sentiment of a loyal nation in those fitting words! They make us thrill with patriotism to our very finger ends. As true Americans we revel in the glory of our great country, its successes, its scope, its accom-



MISS A. MAGDELENE FUNK

plishments and government; it is full to the brim with the healthy elements of prosperity. But let us pause to ask ourselves the question—what has made it so? Have we not once thought that to fill a large sphere we must first glorify a small one? And that in loving our country, we love what it is composed of—its forty-eight units? And that in thinking that of all the nations on this great earth, the republic of the United States of America stands foremost and peer because it is our country? Just so—of all the states that compose our country, there is one that stands foremost and the peer, because it is our state—Idaho. Then, with due apologies to Scott for an alteration in his words, but with no less zeal and enthusiasm, we shall again repeat his sentiment:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native state?"

As citizens of Idaho, we do not boast that we are the richest, the largest, the most populous, and other maximums which

reward other and older states after their years and generations of toil and sacrifice and struggle, and we are not going to be satisfied in climbing slowly to their standards and reposing there contentedly; we aren't going to be the parasite which creeps into the deserted shell of another builder. We want to build for ourselves an original and native construction, one of which we shall be proud, and one peculiar to Idahoans.

And how are we going to do it? By sitting silently and watching passively, with envious eyes and greed, the maneuvers of progress of a sister state? No, indeed! But by watching, actively, with a zealous eye and a friendly ambition to excel honestly. Competition is a good thing; good-natured rivalry makes the successful business man; the race horse never feels his mettle until he meets his opponent on the track.

But how can we glorify Idaho? By separating ourselves into factions and establishing our interests in Wyoming, Montana or Utah, because they have discovered their resources and propagated them widely? Are we loyal to Idaho when we neglect our own lands and build up those of our neighbors? Indeed, we are not! We should have the same abhorrence of factional segregation from loyalty as the ancient heathens had of the number two, they believed it was accursed because it was the first departure from unity.

Idaho has had its supporters ever since that congress in 1863 when Senator Wilson of Massachusetts made the motion that this vast western territory, then known as Montana, be given a new name, for the old one carried no meaning with it. The other members scoffed at his idea, and thought it not worth the considering. But Senator Wilson persisted, and was ready with the new name. He had looked up the geography of the tract, and had seen more than roving bands of wild Indians, desert wastes, and cold, timbered peaks; he saw the waterfall, the great Shoshone, the verdant plain, the rich, heavy forests, the sparkling lakes and snow-capped peaks, the meandering Snake River, and among it all, interwoven, the romance of the Indians; and he chose from the vocabulary of the Arapahoes, as most fitting, the word Idaho, because interpreted it means, Gem of the Mountains; and ever since that day of its nativity, Idaho has had its loyalists.

If beauty were our only asset, our loyalty would be shallow-rooted, for beauty is only skin deep; but our resources are just in embryo. Capitalists have been sleeping unconsciously, and have awakened as from a nightmare, for the populace have taken advantage, and Idaho is a state of the people, for they are making it with other prospects ahead than the mere pocketing of a day's wages. It is a state for the people, because thousands and thousands have come here, have fled from cramped city flats and tenements, and shop service, to broad fields that are bonanzas, in re-

ward for honest effort. It is a state by the people, not by grafting financiers and scheming politicians. We have as a splendid example of philanthropy the work of the Kuhn brothers, who have spent millions of dollars in converting our desert wastes into more usable acreage, and have placed it within the reach of the people who have grasped it and are glorifying it. Then there are the thousands who have left comfortable homes and prosperous businesses and have parted with all to take advantage of the opportunity of enjoying a home in this nook in the mountains. Do you doubt for one minute that they do not love Idaho? Does anyone give up things for which he has spent the best years of his life, in return for something new and untamed and unbridled, if he does not love it? Do you think the citizens of Idaho belong to that type of humanity who would not be loyal to that for which they sacrifice most? Could anyone accuse of disloyalty those hardy pioneers who froze and starved, and fought, and bled through the Pequot war and the Shoshone massacre? They knew what they were fighting for. God had blessed them with endurance, and foresight, and faith. They were the very essence of loyalty. It is in the air. If you have faith in yourself you will have faith in Idaho. She is "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen."

Why do we sit contentedly by and listen to tales of the tourist-sacked shores of the Pacific and Narraganset Bay? Why do we not tell them of the rustic beauty of the pine-banked lakes of Payette, Pend d'Oreille and Coeur de Alene? They are awaiting with all their freshness the day when other resorts shall be worn out.

Some few have already made them their rendezvous, and there is a peace in their still waters and a healing balm in their quiet woods for others—others who

"Are sitting today at their desk alone,
With their fingers hard to tame;
They'd like to shift to a mossy stone
Nor bother with pelf and fame.
I know a pool where the waters cool
Rest under the brawling falls,
And the song and gleam of that mountain stream,
Oh! it calls, and calls, and calls."

There is so much unseen and so much unused that we don't know what we are missing. There is no state in the union, and no country in the world, richer in health-giving properties; and, too, dreams of wealth may not all be in vain, for fortune loves to dally with our hopes. We seem to be just settling ourselves before the nations' camera for a long study in what has been called "Our Dawn of Plenty."

Let Lowell say it for us:

"Everything is upward striving,
It is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,
'Tis the natural way of living."

"We are," as Commissioner Rich says, "the growingest state in the union." Why should we not be proud? What else could we do? The only danger is that we might surfeit with too much. With such health, beauty, latent wealth, and citizens, Idaho, unboastfully, might stand before the world with the challenge:

"Watch me, ye bards of southern, sunny lands,
And ye who sing the praise of Eastern isles,
It's heaven and earth where liberty expands,
And man can greet his fellow-man with smiles.

"No king, no creed compels you to obey,
Contagion vexeth not nor wars alarm,
And to the oppressed of every land we say,
Come, Idaho will take you in her arms."

Open your eyes. Do not longer resist the temptation she offers you, and for such bounteous gifts, let us not forget to thank the Giver, and those hearty pioneers who "blazed the trail and fought the dusky foe;" and let us remember that one of the ways in which we can best show honor to them is in loving Idaho:

"This lovely mountain home of ours—
Idaho, O Idaho,
Of winters mild and springtime showers,
Idaho, O Idaho.
Her breezes blow from western shore,
Where broad Pacific's billows roar,
Each we love her name and more,
Idaho, O Idaho.

* * * *

"Her towering pines, on cliffs so steep,
O'er cataracts their vigils keep,
Or in the lake are mirrored deep,
Idaho, O Idaho.

* * * *

"Oh, land of liberty we tell,
Beneath a starry flag to dwell,
One star is ours; we love it well.
Idaho, O Idaho."

The Application of Religious Teachings

BY MABEL COOK

1. In the home.
2. In the school room.
3. In the Church.
4. In society.

This I consider the most important phase of our work. The value of all knowledge, gained from all sources, is measured by the power to apply that knowledge in some useful way. Our success in Religion class work, with respect to the real betterment of the child, depends almost entirely upon the increased power he gains through our organization to live a religious life. In other words, it is the application of all truth that is worth while.

No influence of church, school, or even government, is more strongly felt than that of home. How very important, then, that we should first aim to show the child his part of home responsibility; help him to see what a power for good he can be in establishing in his home—prayer, peace, and happiness.

Possibly, some instructor has urged that the children be as helpful as possible in the home during the coming week. She might ask them to report next time just how many have gotten wood, coal, or kindling, run on errands, tended the baby, washed the dishes, dusted the room, and many other things without having to be asked. Continued effort on the part of the teacher along these lines, though not to become wearisome to the children, will often put a child right, and help the parents to secure in their families, that desirable quality in all mankind, spontaneous and willing obedience.

Reformations have occurred in many homes through the influence of the Religion class. A small nine-year-old boy in one ward came from a home in which the father was an apostate and the mother a non-member of our Church. This child, among others, had been shown by his teacher the great need of prayer, especially in the home. One entire class period was devoted to the blessing of the food—the need for it and what thoughts it should contain. Such points as gratitude, and our dependence on our Heavenly Father were carefully discussed.

Within this certain child's heart, a sharp pang was keenly felt, for he knew that he had never heard such a thing as a blessing on the food in his home. That night, as the lad plodded slowly

homeward, he considered the matter all the way. He walked into the kitchen and looking pleadingly into his mother's face, said, "Mama, may I please ask a blessing at supper to-night?"

"O, I don't know, son; you'll have to ask your father," she replied.

When all were seated at the table, he asked the same thing of his father, but was blankly refused. The child's heart was heavy, but he persisted in begging, until one night the father said, "Well, if you must say your little speech, out with it."

The boy bowed his head, closed his eyes, and with a weak, trembling voice, poured forth from his pure, sweet soul, a simple little prayer of gratitude and thanks for that of which he was about to partake.

Next morning the father found it necessary, on account of his business, to leave home before breakfast. At the table that morning, all waited for the blessing, expecting, of course, response from the boy, when he looked smilingly up at his mother and said, "Mama, they told us in Religion class, that the same one should not ask the blessing all the time, but that we should take turns. Now isn't it your turn, Mama?"

Without a word she bowed her head and said grace. How could she do otherwise? One of the other children took the turn at the supper. The father returned rather late that night, so was present next morning at the breakfast table where the same boy with a face that fairly shone with joy and delight said, "Papa they told us in Religion class, that we should take turns saying the blessing. It's your turn this morning." The father did so.

That evening after learning who the principal of that local organization was, the father visited her home to find out what was being done in the weekly meetings. Further investigation resulted in a perfect reformation in that once unhappy home—unhappy I say, because no home can be really happy without the spirit of prayer which is the spirit of peace. Today that same man is one of the superintendency of one of the stakes of Zion. How true the statement: "And a little child shall lead them."

The place next to the home, to the child, is the schoolroom, and next to the parents, the teacher knows the child best. Fortunately, from the fact that my work is in my own ward, I can observe the influence of our organization on the school. There is a something, possibly a dignity, or a power, or a sensitiveness to right and wrong, that is prevalent in the children who attend Religion class that makes them superior in many respects to those who do not attend. The principles of honesty, generosity, reverence, love, obedience, that are instilled in the children there, are reflected very noticeably in the school.

At the Religion class is a splendid place to have heart to heart talks with the children concerning their school life: such as

fairness in examinations and games, returning found articles, respect for superiors, love for everything created, sharing what you have, showing willing obedience, returning good for evil, speaking kindly both to and of everyone; for all of this is religion.

These characteristics of not only good Church members, but of good citizens of our state, are being largely instilled by our Religion classes. They are preparing the children to become useful citizens, for they are influencing our schools very materially; and the schools of today will become the nation of tomorrow.

The effect of membership in the Religion classes, with respect to the Church, is clearly shown by the conduct of its members. No better place than in this organization are the children given practical lessons in reverence for the houses of worship, the places where, in the absence of Christ himself to guide us, we may assemble, worship and receive divine inspiration from him.

Doing counts for more than merely believing. There was a very elderly lady who became seriously ill. She had suffered intensely for a long time. The children of the Religion class decided to gladden her heart and make her happy. At the suggestion of the teacher, they took flowers and visited her home. One child very gently went into the sick room and presented the flowers, while the others surrounded the window below. Presently sweet, tender strains of sympathy and love floated into the room, and as the music died away, tears of love and joy moistened the old lady's cheek, and with a smile of gratitude she said, "God bless you, children."

Children are taught to do some good in the world each day; to gladden the hearts of the weary and sad; to lighten the burdens of the poor, by sharing with them; to visit the sick and make them happy. All of these and many more are characteristics of true Latter-day Saints, and the doing of these things is true religion. What better stimulus than the Religion class could our Church desire for the making of real Latter-day Saints, in deed as well as in word?

Society demands of us our very best. Some one has said, "The greatest need the world has is some one to make us do our best." The presence of some people requires our best behavior, others the usage of our best grammar, still others our best musical effort, and so on. The Religion class is one place that the best in the child is brought out and made use of, especially with respect to his moral life. This organization helps to fit the children, who later become men and women, to meet the problems of life by first helping to lay a good, clean, healthful foundation for right thinking and right living. Such children are better able to raise the ideals and morals of society; are more capable of administering justice

to the accused and wronged; are better qualified to cope with the big questions that are confronting our people continually.

An author said:

"Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, 'Tis sweet to live;
Somebody said, 'I'm glad to give;'
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right.
Was that somebody you?"

He will surely be right in answering, "Yes," if he's a member of the Religion class.

TAYLORSVILLE, UTAH

The Lord will Bless His People

The Lord will bless his people,
If they but seek his face;
If they will trust his promise,
And heed his love and grace.
The God who rules the heavens,
Who bids the winds be still,
Will bless his chosen people,
If they will do his will.

He'll open heaven's windows,
And send the cooling rain;
Thus crowning earth with blessings
More than she can contain.
Then ever trust his promise,
Each word he will fulfil,
If we but love and serve him
And do his holy will.

God guides the flying ravens,
Supports the fainting flower,
Our safety is to trust him
To guide us hour by hour.
He made the grassy pastures,
Each blade grows at his will;
Life's aim should be to serve him
And do his holy will.

What worth are we, if from us
His arm he take away?
How quickly would we crumble,
And join earth's vast decay!
He is our constant helper;
He bids our fears be still;
We're obligated to him;
Then, strive to do his will.

LOGAN, UTAH

SARAH E. MITTON.

Conditions of Success

BY CLAUDE RICHARDS, OF THE GENERAL BOARD, Y. M. M. I. A.

IX—CONCLUSION

Dear Friend Howard:

In order that you may have the entire outline before you in one view for reference or examination we now present it in complete diagram:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------------------|
| I. Appearance | 6. Punctuality |
| (a) Dress | 7. Courtesy, Service |
| (b) Countenance | 8. Tact |
| 1. Cheerfulness | 9. Frugality |
| 2. Disposition | 10. Attribute Toward Work |
| II. Health | (1) Purpose (aim) |
| (a) Sleep | (2) Dignity |
| (b) Food | (3) Humility |
| (c) Cleanliness | (4) Obedience |
| (d) Exercise | (5) Loyalty |
| (e) Recreation | (6) Perseverance |
| III. Intellect | (7) Sincerity |
| (a) Power to think | (b) Generosity |
| (b) Power to reason | (c) Sociability |
| (c) Judgment. | 1. Associates |
| 1. Commonsense | (d) Sense of Humor |
| 2. Propriety | (e) Naturalness |
| 3. Judge not | (f) Honesty |
| (d) Memory | (g) Courage |
| (e) Expression | (h) Reliability |
| (f) Training | (j) Temperance |
| IV. Character | (k) Ideals |
| (a) Habits | V. Vocation |
| 1. Work | VI. Marriage |
| 2. System | VII. A Settled Faith. |
| 3. Accuracy | VIII. Self Analysis and Improve- |
| 4. Thoroughness | ment Register |
| 5. Speed | |

This outline has been made and its parts briefly discussed in an effort to furnish you with a suggestive guide for use in analyzing yourself from day to day with respect to efficiency. We recommend that you employ this or some other means for the purpose of SELF-EXAMINATION; and also as an IMPROVEMENT REGISTER to record your progress. You will find a pencil to be a valuable friend. It never forgets what it has heard, and stands always ready to repeat at the request of its companion. It is full of suggestion and value, particularly in technical work and study.

Should you adopt our suggestion and decide to employ this outline you might proceed in the following way:

Prepare copies of this outline ruled to accomodate the marking, sufficient to last for one year, using one a month. Keep them under suitable cover and in a private place. Begin with the first subheading in the outline. Dress. Spend one week trying to improve in this respect. Mark each day the result. If you are successful leave the space blank; if you do not feel satisfied with your progress then mark X in the respective square. Introduce a new sub-topic each week making a strenuous effort that week to improve in that particular, remembering the items or qualities already passed and recording the results of each day with respect to each of them. Continue the special effort on each succeeding new sub-topic until you have exercised your will to improve in the direction of each quality mentioned.

Never loose sight of our big subject, success. Our outline, even though somewhat extensive, is not complete, indeed the question of success in life would involve all the virtues and include all the items of service and development. We would not have you infer from what we have said that your entire record of progress in life can be shown on paper. There may be some of



CLAYTON HOGGAN

One of the Y. M. M. I. A. contestants in the Boys' Half-acre contest, age 15, Lewiston, Utah. Clayton is the son of G. A. Hoggan one of the most successful farmers of Lewiston, Utah. "Clayton is a very enthusiastic young farmer," we are informed by Brother J. C. Larsen, Jr., "who is taking a careful pride in all his work. The team he drives is always fat and sleek; the furrows are straight; in fact, all his work would be a credit to an experienced farmer." He is entering the contest on sugar beets, and Brother Larsen expresses the opinion that he will keep his competitors busy all the time, if they hope to win.

your biggest strides that in their nature would be too intangible to transcribe, or too sacred to transfer to written records. Three of our general sub-headings, vocation, marriage and a settled faith, it can hardly be said call for pencil and paper marking. Each of these in a sense is a matter of larger moment of less frequency than daily opportunity.

Now that we have finished our discussion of the outline and have urged that you undergo each day a rigid self-examination and discipline, let us stop and ask: "What's the use? Why should I go to all this trouble? Shall I not simply continue on, having a good time and taking the success that comes my way? Millions of other men are doing this. Why shouldn't I?" Extreme as they appear in this treatise, such questions will come frequently into the minds of the easy-going, unambitious class. And they will suggest themselves at times to all of us when we are in an easy-going, unambitious mood.

To such questions the answer must lie in one's conception of life. To him who is purely selfish, and who sees in life only a round of silly pleasure, it is hardly likely that a life of serious discipline and thoughtful training will appeal. To such a one the term success is sure to have a meaning quite different from that we have given it throughout these letters. "Regular, intelligent service, etc." To us it seems that the ultimate purpose of life is expressed in that philosophy that declares that "Man is that he might have joy." And to us it seems also that the greatest joy comes from service.

Regular, intelligent service rendered without thought of reward to one's fellowman, in our opinion, constitutes success. If a man is to be successful, then, under this definition, he must prepare himself to render this kind of service. This means that he must become proficient in the various requisites or conditions of success.

Shall your life be successful? Shall it measure up to a high standard of service? Shall it be a life of joy and happiness? Each person must answer for himself. The matter of success is and always will be an individual problem. No one else can solve it for you—though they may render invaluable assistance from lessons they have learned in their own lives.

There is but one answer: Yes! I must build upon the splendid character that my father and forefathers have left me. And I must give to my posterity an inheritance of manhood and power that will help them on to victory. I know that if my life is to be complete, that my thoughts and actions of this day may affect the lives and destinies of generations yet unborn, for the study of families has demonstrated that the traits of certain ancestors have been prominent even for centuries in their offspring. This same study has shown that ignorance, vulgarity and idleness have been

responsible for our poor houses, prisons and dens of vice; while frugality, education and industry, have characterized and built up the families that have supported all our better institutions and formed the backbone of our nation. I must succeed. In my family's history I must be a strong link in a strong chain.

We feel that we cannot leave this subject without inviting your close and even constant attention to truths which present themselves again and again as vital to success: "The first steps in life, etc."

The first steps in life are of extreme importance. Youth is the time of telling consequences. Then it is that the boy is shaping the career of the man, determining his character and his efficiency.



ERNEST JACKMAN

Busily engaged in his garden at No. 224 Fourth avenue, Eighteenth Ward, Ensign stake. The M. I. A. City Boys' Industrial Contest was instituted by the Committee on Vocations and Industries, this spring, in which a large number of city boys have taken an interest. Several thousand circulars and applications were distributed, and on the 7th of June a meeting was held in each ward of Salt Lake City at which members of the General Board and others explained the purpose of the movement to large congregations of parents and young people. On May 20, Herman Wells, of the Eighteenth ward, Salt Lake City, reported that twelve boys had entered in that ward, in flower and garden contests, under this movement. The prizes offered are, first, \$10; second, \$5; third, \$3; fourth, \$2. These were raised by local contribution. The M. I. A. contest prizes are also open to boys who may win in these garden contests.

Build early a substantial credit in each of the various items of success. The start is the most difficult. It is the first thousand dollars in business that requires the struggle.

The twentieth century will demand efficiency. In its democratic attitude towards men and its strenuous struggle for gain, it will ask but one question: "What can you do? and how well can you handle the complex problems of this age?"

The great business of the world requires men of the highest training and experience—men who are masters of the situation.

The world is ever ready to recognize efficiency. In the words of Emerson, "If a man can preach a better sermon, write a better book, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Do not shun competition or the opportunity to gain experience, for competition is a great stimulus to action, and out of experience we build our lives. With each mistake we should brace our careers the stronger. "True greatness consists not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall."

You must live your own life, solve your own problems, and "try to make yourself stronger than anything than can happen to you." Be not overcome with adversity; but learn how to take it. Be not employed by sin, for "the wages of sin is death." Learn without delay the value of your time, talents and money, but do not worship money. Money is for man and not man for money. Mere money-making is not success. Success is a bigger and better thing.

There is nothing in life so sweet and so stimulating as success.

"Nothing succeeds like success."

Have faith in yourself to succeed.

"Think success and you will win it."

Remember, "Eternal vigilance is the price of success," and success lies in service.

May you experience freely, during your lifetime, the joy of service, and, in the final analysis of your present career, may it be said by Him, whose business it will be to judge, that you loved your fellowman and served him with all the vigor of your soul.

This is our earnest desire for you.

THE COMMITTEE ON VOCATIONS AND INDUSTRIES,
General Board, Y. M. M. I. A.

An Example of Women in Politics

BY MARY W. HOWARD, LATE CHAIRMAN OF THE TOWN BOARD OF
KANAB, UTAH

[It appears that the Town Board of Kanab, Utah, was recently composed of women entirely. The following history of their election and what they have been able to accomplish was written October 19, 1913, to Mrs. Susa Young Gates, by Mrs. Mary W. Howard, who was the chairman of the Board. As showing what women can do for the advancement of the conditions of a country settlement in Utah, the account is an inspiration, and we believe will interest the readers of the ERA.—EDITORS.]

As you have no doubt heard, our election was intended as a burlesque, and we all treated it as a joke and had no idea of qualifying, but the leading men all insisted upon our doing so, they pledged us their support, volunteered to secure our bonds, and left us without an excuse, so we consented to try and do the best we could, and as we are now nearing the end of our two-year term we feel that we have accomplished a little good. In fact, our supporters say that we have done more for the town than all the male Boards they have ever had. They urge us to run again at the coming election, but we are not at all selfish, and are perfectly willing to share the honors with others. We are in hopes they will elect other ladies to fill the vacancies, as we know they are perfectly able to carry on the work; and, in fact, are better able, because the men are away from home most of the time looking after their sheep, cattle, etc., and the town is left without any supervision.

It is a noted fact that nine-tenths of the people never knew before who the members of the Town Board were, or that there even was a Board, but you can ask any child on the street who the present Board is, and they can tell you every one of our names for we are discussed in every home for good or ill. Don't think for one moment that we haven't any opposition to contend with, for we feel sometimes that we have more than our share of it. Some members meet it every day in their own homes, but they are all women of character and have been able to hold their own. They have come out on top of every skirmish so far, but it makes it very unpleasant for them, as you may know.

Our first official act was to increase the license of the peddlers and traveling merchants who infested our town to the detriment of our local merchants whom we felt it our duty to protect.

Second. We prohibited cattle, horses, and other animals from running loose upon the streets.

Third. Prohibited any person from building any corral, stable, or feed yard within fifty feet of any street or public highway.

Fourth. Placed a tax on dogs and had all killed that were not registered before a certain date.

Fifth. Prohibited the use of flippers and slings within the town limits, thus protecting our feathered friends.

Sixth. We had the cemetery surveyed and platted and are now giving deeds to all parties who pay a small fee for the lots.

Seventh. We purchased lumber and built bridges over all the irrigating ditches in town.

Eighth. We joined with the Irrigation Company and built



MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' TOWN BOARD, KANAB, UTAH

a huge dike above town to protect our homes and property from the floods which have been a menace to our town ever since it was settled. This enterprise cost \$1,000 and we are paying one-half of the amount.

Ninth. We have had the Indians all moved out of the town limits for sanitary reasons.

Tenth. We appointed a clean-up day and offered a prize of \$10 for the cleanest and best kept street and sidewalk surrounding any home, \$5 for the second best and \$2.50 for the third best. You will know that this meant a lot of work for the people, as most everyone owns a quarter of a block and lives on the corner, so they had to clean two sides of the street.

Eleven. We prohibited all foot races, horse races, ball games and all other noisy sports on the Sabbath day.

Twelve. Prohibited gambling and all games of chance, and during the past week three young boys were arrested and fined \$2.50 each, for breaking this ordinance.

Thirteen. We passed a liquor ordinance which was prepared by the Municipal League of Utah, under the new liquor law passed by the last legislature. Our greatest trouble has been in fighting the liquor evil, which is a terror to our town. A year ago now, liquor was being shipped in here on the U. S. mail, which carries express as well, and our town was full of it. We could get no redress through the courts, so we wrote direct to the Postmaster General, at Washington, and explained our situation, and asked him if it was necessary for us to put up with such conditions. He answered that the matter would be investigated immediately, and in a very short time the mail contractors all along the line had strict orders not to carry another drop of liquor from Marysvale to Kanab, so we have not had much trouble from that source since, though it is still shipped in by freight and other ways. They know we are on the look-out, and they have to be pretty sly about it. Our marshal seized twelve gallons at one time which was addressed to different parties; some of them were able to prove to the satisfaction of the justice of the peace, though not to ours, that it was sent for medicinal purposes, and were allowed to keep theirs, and the rest about six gallons, was poured out on the ground in front of the court house.

September 12, 1912, we tendered a reception to His Excellency, Governor William Spry, and his party, who were touring this part of the state at that time. May 16, 1913, we held a "Greater Utah Development" meeting, and had an excellent program. Could you have witnessed the enthusiasm on that occasion you would know that we are loyal citizens of our beloved state.

September 10, 1913, we prepared a great fruit festival, in honor of the Utah Automobile Club, on their pioneer trip to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, as they are boosting for better roads into our country, and that is one of our greatest needs. We sent to Dixie for grapes and peaches, furnished the melons ourselves and treated the entire town.

Now these are a few of the many things that we have done, though there are very many other little things that we have tried to do for our civic improvement. We have always been united in our labors, have laid aside our personal feelings and always worked for the public good.

Mrs. King of the Utah Legislature, writing to us about our work, asked if we were married women of families. I told her emphatically yes, that each of us had from two to seven children,

and that three of the five members have given birth to babies during our term of office.

We do all our own home work, make our own carpets, rugs, quilts, soap and all other things that pioneer women have to do. I clerk in the store part of the time, and do my own work, which at this season includes bottling fruit, preserving, pickling, drying corn, etc., etc., between times; and then there are my religious duties which I try not to neglect. I am local superintendent of Religion Class, teacher of the second intermediate department in Sunday school and treasurer of the Relief Society.

I, and my two boys, which is all the family I have, each received a badge of honor for never being late nor absent from Sunday school, last year, and have made the same record so far this year, so you will see that I haven't much leisure.

I send a photo of myself and children taken six years ago. It was a pretty good one, when taken, but, of course, I have changed much since then.

Hoping that the information which I have given will be satisfactory, I am

Your sister and co-laborer,
MARY W. HOWARD.



Mrs. Mary W. Howard, former Chairman of the Town Board of Kanab, Utah, and her two children.



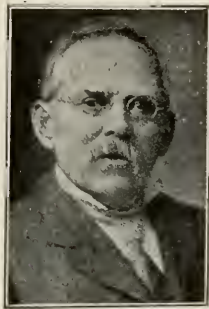
FIELD SECRETARY OSCAR A. KIRKHAM, TEACHING GAMES TO M. I. A. SCOUT MASTERS, VERNAL, UTAH

The Boy Scouts

BY JACOB A. RIIS

[This striking article, teeming with human interest and containing a pointed message to fathers and mothers who are interested in the welfare of boys, is re-printed in the IMPROVEMENT ERA, by special permission of the publishers, from *The Outlook*, of October 24, 1913. Since this was written and printed, the author, who was well-known in Utah, having lectured before the young people in Salt Lake City on several occasions, has passed away. Mr. Riis, who was mostly noted for his social work but who has written several important books, died at his summer home at Barre, Mass., May 26, 1914. He was born at Ribe, North Denmark, in 1849, being the thirteenth child of a Latin teacher in that place. Not being fond of school, he became a carpenter's apprentice, and finally decided to come to America. He came over in the steerage and landed in New York with a "pair of stout hands and enough stubbornness for two," but with little else as capital. He came near starving several times, but finally began work in the newspaper profession which was to be his life work. He started first a little newspaper in South Brooklyn and finally was employed on the *New York Tribune*, where he made good, and after that time things came easier. In 1875 he returned to Denmark and married the playmate of his childhood, Elizabeth Nielsen, daughter of a wealthy man of his native town, of whom he has written so beautifully in "The Making of an American," which is practically his autobiography. While a reporter, Mr. Riis saw much crime and wickedness, but he always strove to see the best side of everything, and he wrote eloquently of the wrongs and injustice that he saw about him upon all sides. These experiences he placed in a book entitled "How the Other Half Lives," which created a sensation and resulted in great reformation in the tenement districts of New York. When Col. Theodore Roosevelt was police commissioner of New York, Mr. Riis attacked the evils of police station lodging-houses, winning his points and making of Mr. Roosevelt a strong ally in his efforts of reformation. He drove the bake shops out of tenement basements, succeeded in having laws passed for abolishing child labor, and that no school shall be built without adequate playground. This latter having been declared to be the "briefest, wisest and best statute on the books of New York." He served twenty-seven years as a reporter, and then continued lecturing and laboring for the welfare of the poor. Besides the books mentioned above, he wrote "The Children of the Poor," "The Battle with the Slum," "Children of the Tenements," "The Old Town," "Theodore Roosevelt, The Citizen," "Hero Tales from the Far North." His books made New York City a better, purer and healthier place to live in. Play grounds and parks were laid out and recreation piers built, mainly through his untiring efforts. He took prominent part in social reforms in New York in the last twenty years, and for this reason Colonel Roosevelt has called him "America's most valued citizen." "Mr. Riis is an example of what any body of like high ideals may be, if he has courage and determination."—THE EDITORS.]

A score of well-known men sat around a table in East Twenty-eighth Street, New York City, one afternoon in May three years ago, discussing plans for the permanent organization of the Boy Scouts of America. To each one in turn was put the straight question if he thought the Scouts would serve a useful purpose, and in what way. When it came the turn of one of them, he took up an evening paper he had been scanning and read an item about the grief of Park Commissioner Stover over the loss of two of his handsomest swans in the Central Park lake. They had been stoned to death by boys.



JACOB A. RIIS

"Now," said the man, "ten to one these boys were not out to kill the swans. They were on a hunt, pioneers or Indians likely, and they came across this splendid game and stalked it. They had no idea of grieving the Park Commissioner or causing the city loss.

They were engaged in legitimate sport—legitimate from the boy's point of view. The city had shut him up between its stone walls with all his primitive instincts, and had provided no outlet for him. That last is what scouting does. Being Indians, they killed the swans; as scouts they would have protected them. And they would have had just as much fun—more; they would not have had to run from anybody. Everybody would have been the gainer. The swans would have been saved, the boys would have been saved, for if they are caught they will be locked up. Commissioner Stover's temper, too. It is all loss now. There it is, the whole case in a nutshell. The Scouts win."

Last spring two of those men had front seats on the platform at the Scout rally in the Thirty-fourth Street Armory. Between them sat a man who breathlessly watched every stunt done by the boys. He applauded when they pitched camp, when they wig-wagged, tied up sprained ankles, and did a hundred other exciting things. When at last a troop halted right in front of where he sat and did the great and stunning trick of building a fire without matches, by rubbing two dry sticks against each other, his eyes fairly bulged, and when the fire blazed up amid the thundering applause of the spectators he turned to his neighbors with a sigh of satisfaction. "This is what we have been waiting for a hundred years," he said. And they nodded; for it was. Every boy, every camper, every normal man who has his moments when he would give all of civilization and its wonders to be back in the woods and the wilds for a day, a single happy day, cherishes back in his soul the unattained ambition of making a fire Indian fashion; and these had done it.

Between the two incidents lies the explanation of the tremend-



Last summer the Richfield Scouts made their summer camp at Fish Lake. The above picture was taken just before they left home. One of the "daily good turns" of these scouts is cutting wood for the old people and the widows. After cutting the wood, they stack it up in the shape of an Indian wickiup, which is a sign to the scout master that his scouts have been at work there.

ous impetus that in three brief years has organized an army of more than three hundred thousand boys with seven thousand scout masters, and broken down every imaginary barrier of sect and caste and the opposition that once fell afoul of the mistaken notion that we had here to do with the military spirit in the young. It is something much broader and bigger than that. It is getting at the boy on his own ground, setting him to do the things he ardently wants to do, but, in our cities with their twisted social conditions, doesn't know how to do. The Boys' Club started in to do it, but almost immediately came up against the problem of how to set the boys to work and keep them interested. The Scouts solved it at once. Every boy has in him a little savage and a potential good citizen. The question is which is to get the upper grip; upon that depends what kind of a man he is going to be. He would rather be good than bad, all things being even. But they are not even. Give him the street and the gutter for a playground, rob him of his play, and he joins the gang and learns the lessons that do not lead to respect for authority or property. Yet in the gang he will yield that respect to the boy who is bolder and abler than the rest, who is fit to lead. The savage has come uppermost, and he lives the law of the jungle. Put before him the other alternative, and he will adopt the Scout law to be dutiful, obedient, helpful, and clean, with the same enthusiasm. They really start from the same point; it is the way they work out that makes the difference. Is he to kill swans or vultures when he is a man? Everything depends on the guide-post where the roads fork.

Write the one word "don't" there, and only that, and the

boy, if he has any spirit, will take to the jungle. Every father knows it; every teacher has learned it, if he has learned anything. The word is not in the Scout law. It is all affirmative. A Scout is loyal, he is helpful, he is friendly, courteous, kind; he is obedient, cheerful, thrifty, and brave; he is clean in body and thought, stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd. And he is reverent toward God, faithful himself, and respectful toward the convictions of others. These are the Scout laws, and he obeys them not only because he has promised, but because he wants to. There isn't a "don't" in the lot. It is as easy as all that.

Which is not to say that scouting makes an angel of him at once. I should expect it to last less than three years longer if it did, and I should be impatient to have them over and have my human boy back again. It gives him the right start, that is all; but it is a good deal. Incidentally it gives every boy a chance to be in the game. The trouble with baseball and football is that they do not do that. They are good as far as they go, but they do not go around. Nine or eleven boys take a hand in them, a hundred or a thousand sit and shout. They have no other part in it. Granted that there are many nines and elevens. Still there are many more whom the game really robs of a boy's most precious quality—initiative; it pauperizes the boys, physically and mentally, by making them take their fun at second hand. But play, said Froebel, is the normal occupation of a child, through which he grows character; and we know Froebel was right. Scouting is all initiative, all individual effort. The question was asked by one boy's father at National Headquarters whether in Mr. Thompson Seton's unique camp up in Connecticut they had baseball. The official to whom it was put said, offhand, "Surely," remembering his own boyhood that would have been a dreary waste without baseball. But when he happened to speak of it to the Chief Scout, Mr. Seton scratched his head.

"Too bad," he said; "as a matter of fact, we don't play baseball," and he explained that they had never thought of it. But, seeing that the promise had been made, he agreed that there must be baseball. An outfit was provided and notice was given in camp that any of the boys who wanted to join a nine would be welcome. Not one joined. They didn't have time. They were all too busy with other things they would rather do. I am not knocking baseball because we didn't know the game when I was a boy in Denmark. I am simply saying what must have been in the minds of many a boys' leader, in and out of school, all these years. The National game can take care of itself. I am glad scouting has come to fill in the chinks, as it were. If some of the fierce competitive spirit is lost that has run riot in the past, the standards are not. Scouting, as I have shown, set up definite standards to

which the boy must come up and which will stand being matched against any boys' game anywhere.

It is easy enough to understand how scouting came to be taken for play soldiering. The fame as a campaigner of General Baden Powell, whose genius gave shape and direction to the movement that had been in the air on this side of the water for years, accounted for some of it; the uniform and the long marches for most of the rest. But the khaki uniform, smart though it be,



The M. I. A. special normal class, held at the Ricks Academy, Rexburg, Idaho. This was one of the largest three-day classes of the series held at the different Church schools.

does not make a Scout. The soldierly virtues of honor, loyalty, and obedience are part of his equipment, but not all. Something of the spirit of the early pioneers, even of the knights of old, he must have caught to pass muster. When it crops out in his home, in school; when father, home from office, rubs his spectacles and takes another look: "What is the matter with Tom? I never knew him to be that way before; is he sick, or something?"—then he is the real thing. He is the same boy all right, as the folks will have occasion to note before many moons; but his energies have been run into a new channel. The "good turn every day" is the capstone of scouting, and quite unlike any fighting scheme I ever heard of. It is enlisting with consummate wisdom the good in the lad in the making of the man through his play. That the better citizen, when he is made, will be the bet-

ter able to defend the flag which the Scouts have been taught to love, goes without saying; and are we the worse off for that? As to the marching, fancy soldiers "on a hike!" The Scouts know their outings by no other term.

Let me illustrate by my own experience what Tom's father meant. I know it so well. In my home village our church stood in the old days in a half-acre lot that grew up in weeds—mean weeds at that. The Sunday school had a way of bringing sheaves to the granary on Thanksgiving Day, bags and bundles for the poor in the city, tomatoes, apples, pumpkins and potatoes; and that was good as far as it went. But the trouble was that it went no farther back than to mam's larder. The children hadn't reaped their sheaves themselves, and it didn't do them a bit of good, if it didn't do them positive harm. I rather think it did; for when it was proposed that they should work that half-acre as a potato field themselves and gather their own crops, they weren't willing, and their parents were not either. That chance was lost. Great elms and maples shaded the village streets, and it seemed a pretty good idea to have gray squirrels make their homes there, as they do in many Western and Southern towns. But no! the boys would kill them, said their elders. And the boys came up to the estimate put upon them, as boys and men will as long as the world stands. Pretty soon there was trouble among them. Some of them were arrested and got into jail, and from the parents of those who walked straight we heard the complaint that their children had to seek their associates elsewhere; there weren't any at home that were really fit. It didn't occur to them that they had let another opportunity pass of enlisting their broods for civilization instead of letting them loose in the jungle. A little later on, when the local woman's club presented a handsome drinking fountain to the town and they found themselves helpless to save it from the ravages of the children, I think a glimmer of it all dawned on some of them; but then the fountain was a dead loss, and some other things besides that were of more account.

I might easily extend the list, but this will do. Take Tom now on the new tack—the same Tom; boys in a lump are all alike—and look at him. I grab at random a handful of "good turns" from the Headquarters mail-bag. Please understand that they are intended for information, not for parade.

Here are two little Scouts coming upon a horse that has upset his dinner and scattered the oats on the pavement. Seeing that he cannot get his head down, the boys sweep up the oats and hold the box till he has eaten. In St. Paul, Minnesota, the spring thaw has flooded a street and threatens the cellars of the abutting houses. I am afraid I would have hailed the chance to dam up a lake to sail ships in when I was a lad, and I know some others that would have joined me. These fellows have twice as much

fun making channels for the water to run off. It is their good turn of that day. In Nyack on the Hudson the Scouts run to fires with a coffee boiler presented to the department by the W. C. T. U., and feed the fire-fighters, if need be, all through the night. In New York City the Health Department enlists the Scouts in the "Clean City Campaign." They did it in Yonkers so well that the oldest inhabitant would not have known the bank of the Nepperhan that had been the general dump of the city for a generation.

The Scouts of a Pennsylvania town take turns unchecking the horses at the drinking fountain, and when tips are offered, refuse. It is against the rules to take money for doing a good turn. In another town they are belling the cats to protect the song-birds. The Presbyterian church could get no laborers to



NINTH WARD, OGDEN, M. I. A. SCOUTS IMPROVING GROUNDS AROUND THE MEETING HOUSE

regrade its lot; the Scouts did it and had a good time over it every evening for a whole week. A squirrel has its head caught in an old tin can; a Scout hears it cry, sets it free, and lets it go. That last ought to get the lad a hero medal—to miss the chance of securing a pet squirrel! But here is a whole troop in the town of Edgewood, Pennsylvania, taking over the care of the grounds at the orphans' home, chopping down dead limbs and cutting them up for firewood, filling up a cesspool that was dangerous, pruning grapevines, and grafting apple trees.

"I am a crossing watchman," writes a man from Philadelphia, "at Second and Girard Avenue, and a cripple. I have a signal on a high post, and every evening I have to put a lighted lamp up

there and take it down in the morning to refill it. It is hard work and risky for me, for I have only one leg. So there is a little Scout who passes every morning at six o'clock, serving milk for his uncle. He takes my lamp down for me. He told me it was his duty; every Scout was to do a kind act every morning of his life. Three cheers for the Boy Scouts!"

Another grab (in the mail-bag) brings up scout masters' reports in the boys' own language. That is unusual, for it is no part of the plan to make little Pharisees of the fellows, but this was an attempt to get at what they themselves thought of it. This is what they thought:

A man had a horse and it was young and it would not stand for him, so he asked me if I would please get him his mail, so I did.

A man was on his moter cicle and he lost his glove and I picked it up and gave it to him.

There were two men and they wanted to know where a lady lived, and I told him.

There was a boy and he had to get out of a team to take the bars down, it was raining hard so I took them down for him.

There were some men in an automobil and they wanted to know the way to the Groton School and I told them.

I get a man's paper for him every morning.

There was a man and his tire on his bicycle was flat and I asked him if he wanted to take my pump, so I let him take it.

I gave an axe to a neighbor who's was broke.

I filled my mother's wood-box for it was baking day.

I buttoned Mary's dress because mama was busy.

I shut up the hens, so my father would not have to.

I gave a man his crutches.

I done up a finger for a friend.

I wiped the dishes for my mother.

My grandmother lost her glasses and I found them.

I separated some roosters from the pullets.

I fed the calf at night.

I led a blind man to his house.

I straightened a screw-driver for Mrs. Boynton.

There was a cat in a steel trap and I went and let him out.

I picked up a little bird under a tree and climbed up and put it in its nest.

I done an errand for an old lady.

I saw a dog that was hungry and fed him.

They were little things, of course; but put yourself in grandmother's place looking for her lost glasses and get her opinion of them. The pullets and roosters I know about. We keep hens. Tom's teacher in school can tell his father what it is that has come

over him. "If I want anything done promptly," she says, "I give it to a Scout."

Besides, there are plenty of bigger things to report, if you choose to call them so. It depends upon how you look at it. Seen from one angle, the doing of the little things every day until it has become a habit and the great come naturally when the chance offers, might seem the biggest thing of all. In the spring floods in the Middle West the Scouts were of great service, patrolling, helping, and even taking a hand in saving life. The Scouts in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, voted two hundred dollars they had saved for their summer camp for the relief of the flood sufferers, and collected three hundred garments besides for them. In Chicago the Scouts are waging war on the caterpillars and all their kin, which is no mean service to render. In Pittsburg a Scout found forty-five dollars in the street and took



M. I. A. SCOUTS CLEANING UP THE BACK YARD OF A HOME, SALT LAKE CITY

the money to the Kingsley House, refusing to "divvy" with his fellows who were with him. The money turned out to have been lost by an Italian woman who had caused the arrest of a neighbor on the charge of stealing it.

At the inauguration of President Wilson, and at the Suffragette parade that brought the Washington police such well-merited reproof, the Scouts were of great service—not *in* the line of the parade, but *on* it. They were messengers, ambulance corps, and, when the police failed to give the women protection on their march, the boys were there, too, and took their place. At Gettysburg the four hundred Boy Scouts detailed to receive the

veterans and make them comfortable "made good with a bang," in the words of the correspondent of the *Evening Post*. Mere parading is discouraged by their leaders, but wherever they can be of real service the Scouts are at hand. First aid to the injured is their specialty. Their training to this end is very thorough, and they enter into it with a vast enthusiasm. The world does move. I well remember the first case of that kind that came to the old St. Mark's Place Club. It was three years since the boys had been instructed in the principles of first aid by a young surgeon when, one night, a man in a fit fell down the cellar stairs into the room. The whole club rose to the emergency with a jump. One unbuttoned his collar, another slapped his hands, a third yelled for a silver dollar to put between his teeth. Those were the instructions; but there was no dollar in the crowd, not even a quarter, and the man lay gritting his teeth until one of them remembered his jackknife, and the day was saved.

I have dwelt on the "good turn daily" feature of the movement because it is, to my mind, the core of it all, full of promise in our dealings with the problem of the boy. Shall we wake up the imp or the angel in him? The while we are deciding against the imp and for the manhood of the tomorrow the lad himself is having an everlasting good time. I saw them on their hikes last winter in the South, while on my lecturing travels as far west as Texas, straight as young ramrods, with knapsacks and staffs and shining morning faces, making for the hills and the woods. If the makers of the Standard Dictionary had been there with me, they would have cashiered the whole edition to get the libelous definition of "hiking" out of its pages: "To go about in a dragging, slouching way," indeed! They should be subpoenaed to attend the next rally of Scouts and made to sit in the front seat, where they could see and be seen of us all. I remember one of those towns below Mason's and Dixon's line, typical of the new and stirring South; business booming, population trebled in a dozen years, every influence for good and bad working overtime and with no one as yet to check them off; churches filled, Sunday schools too, but not a playground, no juvenile court or probation officer. The Grand Jury *had* made an attempt to check things up: ninety-five boys in town had been in the police court from one to twenty times. What to do with them the police didn't know, nor the Grand Jury either. There had been two attempts to organize the Scouts, and both had failed for the want of leaders. Then the Men and Religion Forward Movement came to town, and out of it issued one of the boys' own choice, a young lawyer with little time but much devotion. He took hold, not because he wanted to, but because he "had to." The call was to him. When I was there, he had enlisted seven of the ninety-five—the seven worst, some of the citizens told me—and they all made good.

He and the troop were giving them a chance to be good rather than bad, and they took it.

The town that had poohpoohed the Scouts was getting behind them, Chamber of Commerce, Woman's Club, and all. These were working hand in hand for a juvenile court and a social center in connection with the parish house of a local church. And the boys? As I said, they were having a good time; they were not thinking of the tomorrow, not they, but of the fun they could have today. They had a camp two miles away where they slept in tents, did all the chores, wigwagged from knob to knob, and explored the bowels of the earth, for it was a cave country. In bad weather they held their meetings in town, did stunts in the gym of the Congregational church, and flourished exceedingly. Two new groups were forming, and leaders were coming out of the old and of the Normal College. The whole town looked toward a brighter future. Even the police approved.

In a city in the Middle West that has since suffered devastation by terrible floods the Scouts came to escort me to my lecture, and a fine little band they were. Their master was an elderly man with a rather sad face who seemed to command the unbounded devotion of "his boys." It was a pathetic little story the townsfolk told me of their friendship. He was the criminal bailiff of the town, unmarried, and without ties until the Scouts came into his lonely life. His hungry soul adopted them one and all. He goes hiking with them Saturday afternoon and Sunday, rests with them in the shade by the river, baits their hooks, and helps them cook and eat their fish. Sometimes he takes them through the jail, of which he has charge, and shows them what a lawless life leads to. He is their captain, judge, and friend. They love and obey him, and his life that was empty is filled and rich. When he would have resigned, the whole troop threatened to do the same. In the town they laugh at it all a little, but own that they are all the better for it. When the Christmas holidays came around last year, and there was a demand for extra clerks and messengers, his Scouts turned in to help, and the storekeepers had cause to thank him for the efficient, clever, and honest fellows he had sent them.

The Scouts do not compete; they are glad to join hands with whatever organization offers the chance. They themselves rank as a movement rather than as an organization. To the Young Men's Christian Association they are usually a welcome ally; now and then, where the machinery has stiffened into forms that forget that all service is in its essence religious, they help to wake it up. If the door creaks a bit as it swings open, it soon limbers up under the new impulse. I am thinking of one of the seaboard cities typical of the old South that made room reluctantly for the Scouts. It was not that it was lacking in the social service spirit;

it was there, but it did not know how to harness it. Once there, the Scouts went on with their troop meetings and their hikes, leaders from other cities came to talk to them on their obligation to be dutiful, helpful, and clean, and then something happened.

The town, as I said, was a seaport. It had its slums and its social evil problem, and a bad one to boot. The Ministerial Association had been struggling with it and with itself in its efforts to break through the old reserve into the new day, but without much result. When these newcomers talked right out in meeting, took up sex hygiene with the grown people, and told the truth plainly, a fresh breeze swept through the old town. The ministers felt the shackles falling off, a civic circulation was started up, so to speak, and the people made ready to deal with their problem. This I saw in one town. It has sometimes seemed as if



FIRST AID

A coat is slipped on each end of the Scout's poles through the sleeves. The injured boy is then carried upon a ready-made stretcher.

the greatest heritage this generation could bequeath to the one coming after might be the conviction made fact that there can be but one moral standard for men and women, for boys and girls; and as often have we stood powerless to bring it about, for our sins. Who shall say that it may not come on this path? I have quoted from the Scout law that the Scout is to be "clean in body and thought, stand for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travel with a clean crowd." Clean sport puts up the bars against gambling, which goes hand in hand with all the mischief of the street and opens the door to every crime on the calendar. The very spirit of the movement breathes loyalty to authority, to law, a lesson our boys need to learn, East and West, North and South. If this be the quality of its service to our day, what greater could any one render? And shall not scouting be justified of its fruits?

Hebrew Idioms and Analogies in the Book of Mormon

BY THOMAS W. BROOKBANK, ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE "MILLENNIAL STAR"

V

12 *Omission after Numerals.*

"In enumerations of familiar objects, the noun is sometimes omitted when the meaning is sufficiently plain from the connection;" (Greene's *Hebrew Grammar*, par. 251: 2. c) as,

"Ten" (shekels) "of gold" (Gen. 24:22); "three hundred" (pieces) "of silver" (Gen. 45:22); "six" (mesaures) "of barley" (Ruth 3; 15); "Then the king sent unto him a captain of fifty (soldiers) with his fifty" (men) (II. Kings 1:9); "Of the Jews received forty (stripes) save one" (II Cor. 11:24); "And there were more than forty (of his enemies) which had made this conspiracy" (Acts 23:13).

The Book of Mormon is conformable in this respect, as,

"Behold, he is a mighty man, and he can command fifty, (servants or soldiers), yea, even he can slay fifty, (of his enemies) then why not us?" (I Nephi 3:31). "My little band of two thousand and sixty" (young soldiers) Alma, 57:19, 20, 25); "Give heed unto the words of these twelve (ministers or representatives) whom I have chosen" (III. Nep., 12:1; 13:25; 15:11; 19:6; Mormn. 3:18, 19; Moro. 2:1); "By the word of three" (witnesses) "God hath said, I will establish my word" (II Nep., 11:3); "But the former three (brethren) he took with him" (Al. 31:6); "Save it were the three (disciples) who were to tarry" (IV. Nep., 1:14).

13. *Numerals with a Possessive.*

Numerals used in a possessive sense are doubtless more characteristically Hebraic than is the omission of nouns after them. In the examples which follow, it will be observed that both an omission and the idea of possession occur in the same expression: "And Elijah arrived and said to the captain of fifty. If I be a man of God, then let fire come down from heaven, and consume thee and 'thy' fifty." (II. Kings 1:10); "and also he sent unto him another captain of fifty with 'his fifty'" (verse 11); in verse 14 of this chapter the possessive "their" fifties is found.

BOOK OF MORMON EXAMPLES

In expressions identical with those just given which show an

omission after a numeral and the idea of possession at the same time, the Book of Mormon supplies examples as follows:

"For, behold, he (the Lord) is mightier than all the earth, then why not mightier than Laban and 'his' fifty, yea, even than 'his' tens of thousands" (I. Nephi 4:1). "My men were hewn down, yea, even 'my' ten thousand" (Mormon 6:10); "And Lamah had fallen with 'his' ten thousand, and Gilgal had fallen with 'his' ten thousand; and Limhah had fallen with 'his' ten thousand; and Joneam had fallen with 'his' ten thousand; and Camenihah, and Moronihah, * * * had fallen with 'their' ten thousand each. * * * and there were ten more who did fall by the sword, with 'their' ten thousand each" (Mormon 6:14, 15); "I did return with 'my' two thousand" (Alma 56:49, 50, 54; see also chap. 57:19, 25).

To conclude, "their fifty" is a reading in Mos. 11:19. The significance of these Book of Mormon examples, showing the use of possessive numerals, does not so much appear on their face, though corresponding perfectly with Hebrew practice, as it does when viewed in the light of what Prof. Greene (*Hebrew Grammar*, par. 250:2, (2 a), says respecting them, to wit: "The following numerals occur with pronominal suffixes having a possessive sense." Omitting the Hebrew which he gives, they are, "thy fifty," "his fifty," "their fifties," "my thousand," "your thousands" and "his ten thousands"

The learned author does not state in so many words that no other numerals are ever so used in the Hebrew, nor that these particular ones are never used with a *noun* in the possessive; but his language, we think, sustains these inferences quite plainly. Now, we find that the Book of Mormon does use in a possessive sense the very numerals which Hebrew practice sanctions according to Prof. Greene; but it never transgresses these limits. It further conforms to the Hebraic use of pronominal possessives, in case, but never is at fault by the use of a *noun* in the possessive. It is remarkable how the latter forms were avoided in the narrative, which relates the destruction of those many thousands of soldiers. Unless there was some justifying reason, not apparent to us, but which would satisfy a Jew, how shall we account for the form of Hebraic expression so faithfully adhered to, when an English author would more naturally unite, for example, "and Joneam's ten thousand" and Gilgal's "whole army of ten thousand men were also killed and the generals with them"?

14. Omissions Not Connected With Numerals

The remarks under this number and the next one also relate to Hebraic practices which give rise to faults in composition—glaring ones, too, when compared with English standards of quality. Translators of the Hebrew into our language find it

necessary, in many instances, to supply some word or words not found in the text, in order to make, for various reasons, the rendering more acceptable to us than a literal translation could at all do.

The italicised words in our Bibles are supplied, not being a part of the Hebrew text; and if we omit them in our reading, the completeness of expression in English composition when contrasted with the Hebrew will become very manifest, as, "Then the five men departed, and came to Laish, and saw the people that therein, how they dwelt careless, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure, and no magistrate in the land, that might put to shame in thing, and they far from the Zidonians, and had no business with man"—Judg. 18:7, see the text for the words to be supplied,—this passage is by no means an extreme one to illustrate the point in view.

"Now these are the nations which the Lord left, to prove Israel by them, * * fine lords of the Philistines."—Judg. 3:1-3. Supply "namely" before "fine lords."

"When a man shall take hold of his brother of the house of his father, Thou hast clothing."—Isa. 3:6. Supply "saying" after "father."

BOOK OF MORMON OMISSIONS

In the following illustrations the italicised words are supplied by the writer of these remarks:

"Wherefore a commandment I give unto you, * * *namely*, that ye revile no more against them."—Jac. 3:9.

"And behold this was the desire which I desired of him, *namely*; That if it should be so."—Enos. 1:13.

And again—"I knew that the Lord had delivered Laban into my hands for this cause, *namely*, That I might obtain the records according to his commandments."—I. Nep. 4:17. See also I. Nep. 4:36; II. Nep. 10:15; Alma 9:25; Mos. 4:8-9.

"For in the last night the angel spake unto me, *saying* that this [Christ] should be his name."—II. Nep. 10:3.

"The voice of the Lord came unto my father, *saying*, that we should arise and go down into the ship."—I. Nep. 18:5.

For other omissions of this same word see I. Nephi 10:2; 5. 12, and frequently.

"And we cast lots to *determine who of us*."—I. Nep. 3:11.

"And we had obtained the records which the Lord had commanded us" *to obtain*.—I. Nep. 5:21.

"And it came to pass *that* after I had prayed."—I. Nep. 8:9.

"I beheld many cities, yea, even *so many* that I did not number them."—I. Nep. 12:3.

"And their garments were white, even like unto *the garments of* the lamb of God."—I. Nep. 12:11.

"We cannot write *an account* of them all."—I. Nep. 17:6.

"* * my wife with her tears and prayers, and also my children *with theirs*, did not soften the hearts."—I. Nep. 18:19.

Omissions from the text of the Book of Mormon are frequently observable. Those pointed out are nearly all found in the first few chapters, and by no means include all that occur there. Several examples in which the word "namely" may be supplied are given in order to show that though opportunities were presented quite often for its use in a work which some allege was written by an English speaking impostor, it might just as well never have been coined, so far as its service in the Book of Mormon is concerned.

It appears also that it was a term not found in the vocabulary of the Hebrew writers of the Bible. Its use, or that of synonymous terms, would have occasioned a formality in their compositions, which, if they did not study to avoid, seems to result from some peculiarity of the ancient Jewish mind, which led them, as we have seen, to string out their proposition without using many of those appropriate particles of connection which so largely characterize the English. In a few places the Book of Mormon shows a touch of formality, as, for example, in Mos. 2: 23, 24, where the phrases "in the first place," and "secondly," are employed; but that work, taken altogether, is built on strict Jewish models as an informal composition.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



CARBON STAKE TABERNACLE

Located at Price, Carbon county, Utah, was built during 1911-14, and is not yet dedicated. Built of gray and white cement brick; cost \$42,000. It has eleven rooms and a Relief Society hall, a library, a boiler house, a baptismal font, cloak rooms, and an amusement hall in the basement. The main auditorium has a seating capacity of twelve hundred. Miles E. Miller, a graduate of the University of Utah and of the Latter-day Saints University, is the architect.

Editors' Table

"Clean Living and Quick Thinking"

Connie Mack is a specialist in discovering young men for his baseball team, the great Athletics of Philadelphia. *McClure's* for May has an article by Henry Beach Needham, giving an interview with the great baseball leader. In thirteen seasons the Athletics have won the world's championship three times, and won five American league pennants, and their success is laid at the door of Connie Mack, their coach, who is declared "the greatest baseball trainer in the world," and to have "more influence with the youth of America than any other man" in that line. Mr. Needham quotes an editor as having said: "All over the country mothers are telling their boys that if they want to stand high in sport, if they aspire to be champions, they must not drink—they must lead clean lives. The victory of Mack and his team is a triumph for clean living. In fact, Mack himself has declared that if you wish to know in one sentence the secret of the success of the Athletics, it can be put down to "clean living and quick thinking." He says that without the one, you cannot have the other. Temperance insures both and applies as well to eating as to drinking, and he refers to Benjamin Franklin's saying that "Men have dug their graves with their teeth." He then says of drink:

"Who puts the ball-player out of the game? You would naturally say 'the umpire,' wouldn't you? Well, all the umpires together haven't put as many ball-players out of the game as has Old Man Booze!"

Again Connie Mack shook his head and uttered a warning:

"Now, don't get off on the wrong foot. Boozing is not common among the high-grade ball-players. It was common twenty years ago; but today it is rare in the majors—boozing. Keep in mind, though, that steady—'moderate'—drinking gets a ball-player in the end, just as sure as boozing. Alcohol slows a man down inevitably, and slowing down is the reason for the shelving of by far the majority of players. If you estimate a clever player's years in baseball at fifteen, why, 'moderate' drinking will cut off from three to five years—a third of his life on the diamond."

As to his method in selecting boys for his team he has this to say of an experience with a young man whom he met one spring going South:

I took quite a fancy to a youngster who was to be tried out. I liked his looks, and I liked his line of talk—above all, I liked his high spirits. Seemed to me that he would be there fighting all the time—never down in the mouth and ready to quit. So, having taken such a fancy to him, I began to pry into his private life a little, but in such a

way as to make him see that I was—you know—really interested in him, not merely curious about his own affairs. Quite casually, as I might have asked him if he liked to go to the theater, I inquired if he drank.

Well, that young fellow was frank and above-board about it. Said he took a drink once in a while—a glass of beer occasionally, sometimes a whisky; but almost always he drank to be sociable—to be a “good fellow!”

“Do you ever go a while without drinking?” I asked him.

“Sure!” he exclaimed. “Sometimes I go two weeks or a month without taking a drink.”

“Don’t you miss it?” I asked him.

“Not a bit! Never miss it at all.”

I kept quiet a few minutes. Then I came at the youngster this way: “Of course, I understand—I know your drinking doesn’t amount to anything. But if anybody was to ask me about you, of course, I couldn’t ring in exceptions—I’d have to say you drink.” Here I stopped to let it sink in; then I went on:

“Now, so long as you don’t miss it when you’re not taking it, if I were you I’d think it over and decide whether the drinking is worth classing yourself with those who do drink—with those who can’t get along without the stuff.”

Say—in two days that youngster came to me and said:

“Mr. Mack, if anybody asks you whether I drink, you tell ’em I don’t—for I do not drink.”

Perhaps there’s something like a tip in that,” commented Mack. “Any business man who has to handle men can take it for what it’s worth. I haven’t any patent on it, although it’s my method.”

“To have the greatest baseball trainer in America declare that drink destroys a man’s capacity for ball playing, may appeal to some of the boys, and prevent them from ever contracting the evil habit,” writes Elder Heber J. Grant, in asking that this subject be mentioned in the ERA. Since the Y. M. M. I. A. are working diligently to establish baseball and other clean athletic sports among the young people in our community, the ideas of Connie Mack on “clean living and quick thinking,” brought about by temperance—a strict observance of the Word of Wisdom, if you please—are appropriate and in harmony with our efforts. Sixty-eight years ago, June 19, the news reports recently announced, the first match game of baseball on record was played, at Hoboken, N. J. There are now 5,000 professional ball players in the United States, in 50 or more major and minor leagues, earning more than \$6,000,000 a season. Hence, when the baseball world talks it is worth listening to. It is not only a national game but is fast becoming inter-national.

A Wonder-Spot in the Rockies

In this number of the ERA is a combination frontispiece of a wonder-spot in the Rocky Mountains where so many marvels of nature are to be seen. When Star Valley, Wyoming, was first

settled, in the early 80's, the pioneers built upon Swift Creek in the shadow of the high Rockies. Afton was organized in 1887 into a ward of the Church. Swift Creek is a large, beautiful, clear stream of water issuing from a pine- and aspen-lined canyon which opens into the very heart of the settlement. The photos at the bottom show one of the main sources of this stream, some seven miles, from that to ten, up the precipitous mountain pass. It is an ice-cold, clear, fresh-water geyser pouring an immense volume of water out of the side of the mountain at intervals of twenty minutes. The flow continues for the space of twenty minutes and then gradually recedes into the mountain again, for a like length of time. The water rises slowly out of the fountain or hole in the hill, after each interval, until it reaches the brim, when again the stream is precipitously poured down its bed on the mountain side to join Swift Creek on its way to the valley. Swift Creek, which is really a small river, is thus fed, one may say, by jerks.

In the early settlement of the town, a pioneer miller built a flour mill upon this stream, at the mouth of the canyon. He frequently observed to his customers that it was one of the most remarkable streams he had ever seen in his life. His mill would run rapidly for twenty minutes and then slow down for another twenty minutes, when it would again begin to run more rapidly, thus alternating continually. The cause of the phenomenon was never known by the good miller, since he died a year or so before the residents of the town solved the mystic problem some six years ago, when the fresh-water geyser referred to was discovered. In the frontispiece a company of young people are seen making their way down the canyon on a narrow trail. They are returning from a Fourth-of-July trip, having visited this wonderful fresh-water geyser. The bed of the stream, nearly dry, and the mouth of the geyser, are shown in the lower and upper pictures to the left; and in the lower right hand corner, the same are shown when the water is at its height.

For the Gospel's Sake

President Nicholas G. Smith, writes to the ERA from Woodstock, South Africa, May 9: "On the morning of April 23, five elders arrived in Table Bay from Zion, and their hearts were filled with happiness at the thought of soon landing and going to work at their missionary labors. That was not to be their lot in South Africa. No sooner had the emigration officer boarded the boat and learned that they were elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints than he ordered them to be detained.

"Elder Clifford S. Hodgson and myself were soon busy try-

ing to arrange with the officials to let the elders out on bond, but they would not do so. The emigration officers selected some very difficult words from the dictionary and ordered the men to write these words. The elders did not spell all of them correctly and consequently they were deported on account of 'illiteracy.' We appealed to the highest tribunal, the Board of Pardons, and after the elders had been in confinement for eight days, the case was brought up and tried.

"We had secured an eminent attorney, and he made a very good case out of it, actually showing that the men could write even better than some of the judges who were sitting on the case, but all to no avail. We were 'Mormons' and were not wanted here, so the action of the emigration official was sustained and the elders ordered deported.

"The elders were kept in a shanty made of galvanized iron, with a galvanized iron fence around it, with barbed wire around the top, the lot being about 30 by 130 feet and adjoining the



compound, or place, where the negroes are kept. They also had several Indians and other undesirables in with the elders. For this accommodation they were required to pay \$2.50 per day. The man who was in charge of them felt that they were upright men, and did everything in his power to make their stay pleasant. His kindness will long be remembered by the elders and goes to show that whenever a person associates with the Latter-day Saints he cannot help but be impressed with their manhood.

"The South African mission is growing slowly but surely, and I yet look for the time when we will be permitted to enter here and preach the gospel unmolested. The elders deported are

shown in the picture, left to right: John E. Riggs, William C. White, S. E. Van Francis, Peter J. Peterson, and Gerald R. Eldredge. Their keeper, a Mr. Ross, is standing in the rear."

The Best Yet

The annual M. I. A. Conference this year was considered one of the best and most numerously attended ever held. One of the big features of the conference was the contest work in orations, story-telling, boys' and girls' choruses, and double mixed quartets. The contests created great interest and brought many to the conference, and were pronounced by competent judges to be first class in every respect. When it is remembered that those who contested represented perhaps 7,500 young people who had already taken part in the stakes of the Church, in these exercises, the magnitude and value of the work, and the benefits derived, may be partially estimated.

The visiting representatives and officers were instructed by the speakers in an impressive manner on their practical work, which should assure excellent results for the coming season. One of the new features of the conference was the presentation of the new hand book for the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. This book is designed to instruct officers, and particularly new officers, unfamiliar with the work of the association. It is a condensed guide touching upon every department of the work, and informing the officers of their general duties and activities.

The social division of the work was well handled. Over 700 officers and guests were present at the evening entertainment given by the General Boards in honor of the visiting officers on Friday, at the Deseret Gymnasium, and the scout and social demonstrations that afternoon were greatly appreciated. The noon luncheon, on Saturday, given by the Y. M. M. I. A. to the stake superintendents, was a feast in every respect. Sixty-three stakes were represented. Presidents Smith, Penrose, and a number of other members of the Board and several superintendents, spoke. The Sunday meetings, in song, music, sermon, demonstrations of scouts and contestants, were greatly enjoyed. Especially should be mentioned the courtesy of Emma Lucy Gates, who, on solicitation of President Joseph F. Smith, favored the audience with a sweet, and inspiring rendition of the favorite hymn: "Oh ye mountains high." An account of the proceedings, with some of the speeches, orations and photos of winners will appear in the ERA for August.

Messages from the Missions

Elder Denmark Jensen, a resident of Brigham City since April 1, 1909, left Salt Lake City, April 8, for Scandinavia to fill his sixth mis-

sion, but his first across the water. His parents, Mads C. Jensen and Maren Hansen, embraced the gospel in 1852, emigrated, and began their journey over the plains July 24, 1853. Their son, Denmark Jensen, was born in Nebraska, on the banks of the Elkhorn. He filled his first mission in Minnesota, leaving April 18, 1881. In 1885-6, he filled a two-year mission to the Indians, as counselor to Bishop E. D. Zundell, of Washakie, Utah. After a special home mission in Oneida stake, for a year, he was called on a mission to Oregon, in 1896. In the spring of 1911, he labored in Box Elder stake as a special home missionary, and in December, 1912, went on a six months' mission to the Northern States, where he presided over the Michigan Conference. He acted as a high counselor of the Oneida stake and when the Bannock stake was organized, July 24, 1898, he was chosen first counselor to President Lewis S. Pond. He was a member of the sixth and seventh sessions of the Idaho Legislature, in 1900-1902, and was a state senator from Oneida county, in 1904. On the 14th of August, 1904, he was ordained bishop of Mink Creek Ward, Idaho.



ELDER AND MRS. DON CARLOS RUSHTON

sion to Great Britain where he labored in the London Conference for two and a half years, presiding over the conference for one year. On being released he returned home in charge of a company of Saints. Since his return he has labored as home missionary in the Pioneer stake, and on the stake Sunday school board; as counselor to the superintendent of Religion Class, and counselor to the High priests' quorum, also as stake genealogical agent. He leaves for Australia July 14, accompanied by his wife. The best wishes of their many friends go with them.

Don Carlos Rushton, who has been appointed to preside over the Australian Mission, is a son of Edwin Rushton and Sarah Robinson. He was born March 8, 1864, in Salt Lake City, and in early life began activity in Church work. In 1893, he filled a mission to the Southern States laboring in the middle Tennessee conference for two and a half years. On returning home he was appointed superintendent of the Fifth ward Sunday school, Salt Lake City, which position he held until the ward was divided, when he was chosen first counselor to the bishop of the new ward. In the year 1907 he went on a mis-

Elder Lloyd O. Ivie, Kofu, Japan, March 13: "The Japanese Mission is divided into four conferences of which Kofu is one. Until



last January four elders labored here. We are now only two. The Yamanashi Valley, in which Kofu is situated, often reminds us of our home among the mountains. Last January a Mutual was organized with a membership of twenty-five. Native Saints and investigators are in charge. Since it was organized, about ten new members have joined. Half the time is spent in studying Church history. The remainder is devoted to various current topics. We have two Sunday schools, two preaching meetings and four study classes and we do considerable tracting and visiting. Our force is too small to do justice to the work before us. The enclosed picture was taken at Tashin Grove where the elders had gone on an outing to Mitake, a beautiful canyon stream, about eight miles north of Kofu. Incidentally, they filled their pockets with tracts and distributed them among the villagers along the way. Those in the picture are left to right: Lloyd, O. Ivie, Brother Suketomo Nonogaki, Ether Spackman and Amasy W. Clark."

Elder Jed M. Terry, of Jackson Mississippi, writes March 28. "The elders of the Mississippi Conference are enthusiastic in their labors



and the cause is steadily growing. Prejudice is giving way to the truth which is gradually finding a place in the hearts of the people. The picture accompanying represents the present force in the state of Mississippi with the exception of Elder John R. Brown of Preston, Idaho, who took the picture. Elders front to back: Conard E. Chate-lain, North Ogden; William, Heber Jones, Eureka; Irvin L. What-cott, Kanosh; Albertus

Dalton, Moab, Utah; Charles W. Ellis, Mancos, Colo.; Otis E. Rogers, Mesa, Arizona; Calvin Memmott, Scipio; Henry M. Jones, Enoch; Jacob T. Truman, Enterprise, Utah; Wallace Ellsworth, Showlow.

Arizona; Wilford B. Haws, Provo, Utah; Carlos S. Higgins, Dempsey, Idaho; Jed M. Terry, Conference President, Enterprise; Harvey L. Butters, Clarkston, Utah."

In my mission travels, I fancy I view those whom I have met, and find a great variety of people,—poor, rich, august, happy, miserable, some waiting for opportunities, some letting them pass without recognition, others sleeping and dreaming and others taking advantage



SIDNEY T. TAYLOR

and making opportunities as they pass. I would say to our boys at home, take advantage of your golden opportunities, and prepare for life's battle; cherish the preaching and the teachings you hear; store in your memories the precepts of God's truths, so that when you are called to the front your armor may be bright, your sword sharp, your mind clear, your aim high and your heart true. Do not squander time. Eternity itself cannot restore the lost moment struck from the minute. Utilize every moment. Lost wealth may be regained by industry and economy; lost knowledge, by study; lost health, by temperance and medicine; but lost time is gone forever. Time wasters are everywhere; do not you be one. The cry of the people, when we present them a tract is, "no time." That should not affect us nor permit us to fall, too, in the same ambition-destroying rut. Utilize those five and ten minutes, and accomplish something, be it ever so little. The accumulation of these accomplishments make us great. Those fragments of time might mean success. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," during her spare moments, and many men have done wonderful things by snatching five and ten minutes waiting for dinner. No time! Why, a boy in one hour can read 18 pages thoughtfully. This kept up daily would mean seven thousand pages a year, or eighteen volumes, and the result in ten years would mean from ignorance to knowledge. Surely, if great minds could not afford to lose those spare moments, we cannot, for he that despiseth small things will fail, little by little. Others cry, "no chance!" But let us have faith, the soul of heroism and the motive of all effort. Others declare, "I am busy!" But the busiest young man, if equipped with will, may succeed. Weak men wait for opportunities, strong men make them. Lack of opportunity is ever the excuse of a weak and vacillating mind. Persecution in this our work never hinders, for it is the very essence that gives us spirit, and brings us near to our God. As a church we have grown by persecution, guided by the spring of truth; but opposition aids no person, unless he is determined to strive against it in the truth. I would say, prepare yourselves now for the cause of truth. Leave not your preparation until you are in the mission field, for if you do you will regret it. Arm yourselves now with the weapons of truth, and keep them bright. Transmute your time into knowledge and your knowledge into practical wisdom for daily use. Knowledge is power only when it can be made available for practical purposes. "No man will be saved in ignorance," says the Prophet Joseph. In a factory for making cloth, a single thread broken ruins the whole web. It is traced back to the girl who made the blunder, and the loss is deducted from her wages, but who shall pay for the broken thread and lost time in life's great web!—*Sidney T. Taylor, LEIPZIG, GERMANY.*

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Gospel Themes.—Questions and suggestions for teachers and students, by Elder David O. McKay:

PART IV—THE GOSPEL DISPENSATIONS (CONTINUED)

Lesson 21—Chapter IV—Noah and the Deluge.

1. Give Noah's lineage and trace his patriarchal authority back to Adam.
2. What was the burden of Noah's preaching?
3. With the wickedness of Noah's generation in mind, show that wickedness brings death; righteousness, life.
4. Memorize Matt. 24:37-39.
5. What people today are descendants, respectively, of Ham, Shem, and Japheth?
6. Who are the "Gentiles?" Give the meaning of the word.
7. Who are the "Semites?"
8. What power in the Priesthood did Noah possess?

Lesson 22—Chapter V—Abraham.

1. Through what lineage did the Savior come to earth?
2. Why was the Higher Priesthood called after Melchizedek?
3. Who was Melchizedek?
4. What was the Lord's promise to Abraham?
5. Discuss the vital lessons taught by the instance of Abraham's trial in offering Isaac as a sacrifice.

Lesson 23—Chapter VI—Moses and Aaron.

1. What is the promise to those who are "faithful unto the obtaining of the Priesthood?"
2. Name the characteristic events of the Mosaic dispensation. What does each foreshadow?
3. Why was the feast of the Passover instituted? What does it symbolize?
4. Define "Paschal."
5. Who was Jethro? Who were the "Midanites?"
6. Relate in detail the call of Aaron.
7. What was the Ark of the Sanctuary?
8. What was the influence of the idolatry of Egypt upon Israel?
9. Why were the Levites chosen and set apart for their special calling?
10. Explain how their office is related to the Lesser Priesthood.

Lesson 24—Chapter VI—(Continued.)

Lesson 25—Chapter VII—The Lamb of God.

1. How were disobedience and transgression generally dealt with in Moses' day? Give examples.
2. What was the feast of Pentecost?
3. Of Tabernacles?
4. Define "nomadic."
5. Describe the beginning of Israel's march to Canaan.
6. Consider, and discuss at some length, the powers, privileges and duties of each of the two Priesthoods.

Mutual Work

Scout Work on Sunday Night

The General Board recommend in relation to doing scout work on Sunday, where associations meet on that night:

That any part of scout work that can be given in lecture or recitation form, may be taken up on Sunday nights. Such topics as talks on first-aid, scout laws and promise, nature talks, etc., are suggested. That part of scout work which requires physical activity, such as bandaging, signal work, drill work, knot tying, or scout demonstrations, should be done at some other time, in order that nothing may be introduced that will tend to undermine the boys' respect for a sacred Sabbath.

Boy Scouts—Organization and Purpose

Dr. John H. Taylor, M. I. A. Scout Commissioner, submits the following in answer to questions asked:

An M. I. A. Scout is a member of an organization known as the Boy Scouts of America. This organization was effected on February 8, 1910, and has now an enrollment of over 300,000 boys. The movement is promoted and governed by a group of men called the National Council. The council is made up of some of the leading men of the country,—President Woodrow Wilson is honorary president, with Wm. H. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt as honorary vice-presidents. Colin H. Livingstone is president, David Starr Jordan, vice-president, Ernest Thompson Seton, chief scout, and Daniel Carter Beard, National Scout Commissioner.

The purpose of the movement is to develop in the boy the power of initiative and resourcefulness, and, with the aid of the Scout law, to develop character. It brings to the boy health, strength and happiness, as well as a practical education. It educates because it requires a knowledge of first aid, life saving, nature study, woodcraft, and all kinds of handicraft. Through these things the boys' powers of observation are quickened. They learn to do things for themselves; they learn thrift and economy by being obliged to earn their own money.

Scouting contributes to the physical, mental, and moral development of the boy. Because of this development the home ties become more sacred to the boy, he is kinder, more obedient, more thoughtful, more helpful, because as a scout he stands for these things. We need the co-operation of the parents, and we get it when they understand the movement and realize the educational value of the training that their boys receive in scouting. Parents should get acquainted with the movement, permit their boys to attend the meetings, and encourage them in their scout activities because a good scout means a better son, a better member of the Church, a better citizen, and a better father.

Fall Conventions

Officers are requested to read the instructions about the conventions this fall, as contained in the Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book, pp. 26-27.

The conventions will begin in August, and will be held on the dates of the regular quarterly conference of each stake, continuing during August, September and October. The programs for the conventions will be prepared and sent out to stake officers during July, and will name the topics and other information to be considered. These should be carefully distributed. Officers should see that the organization of each ward is complete, especially that class leaders are chosen, so that they may be present at the convention meetings. To make a success of your work for the season, you should have all your officers at the convention. This is very important; and the General Board are not only anxious to have every office filled, but to have every stake and ward officer present, at the convention. The Hand Book should be in the possession of every officer. It will aid and inspire him for his work.



SECOND WARD Y. M. M. I. A. SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM OF THE UINTAH STAKE

This team won the pennant in 1913 and also in 1914. The junior team in the same ward won last year. Names left to right, top row: H. E. Dilman, manager; Leo Calder, Ernest Odekirk, captain; James Hatch, C. S. Carter Jr., president Vernal second ward; front row: Vern Shimmons, George Miller, Jr., Mars Pope.

Passing Events

Senator Reed Smoot gave a patriotic address at the annual G. A. R. memorial meeting at Arlington, on May 30.

Adlai E. Stevenson, former vice president of the United States, died at Bloomington, Illinois. His funeral services were held June 16.

Mt. Lassen, a volcanic peak in northern California, became active on June 1. Up to the 20th, the volcano continued to emit smoke and debris.

The Panama Canal bill, providing for the opening of the great waterway, was signed by the President, May 21. The canal was opened for the passage of freight on May 18 when five barges passed through from Balboa to Colon.

Cy Warman, a poet and short-story writer, died at Chicago, April 7. He was known as "the poet of the Rockies," and was a pioneer in the school of railroad literature. His stories about railroad men were based on his personal experiences at Salida, Colorado, where, in the early 80s, he worked for the railroad, in turn as wiper, fireman and locomotive engineer.

The Hooper meetinghouse, Weber county, Utah, was dedicated by President Joseph F. Smith on June 7 last. Presidents L. W. Shurtliff and C. W. Middleton, of the stake presidency were in attendance, and seven hundred people listened to the dedicatory prayer and remarks by President Smith and Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr., of the Council of the Twelve.

Madam Lillian (Norton) Nordica, the noted American opera singer, died in Batavia, Java, May 10, 1914, age 57, from the effect of exposure through a shipwreck off the coast of New Guinea, some weeks before. She was born in Farmington, Maine. Her opportunities were very limited, but she had a good voice and a sound body. The rest she did for herself by sheer will power, and hard, unrelenting work. Her ripe art was admired the world over.

A municipal market opened near Pioneer Park, Salt Lake City, about the middle of May, being under the management of the Health Department. Its establishment is the result of a request from a large number of citizens to the Board of Commissioners. Everybody will be free to buy on the market in such quantities as the market affords, and the use demands. A municipal market has long been wanted in Salt Lake City. A like market, it is said, will be opened on the east side of the city.

Prof. Jacob Bolin, head of the physical department of the University of Utah, widely known, died May 15, at his home in Salt Lake City. He was born in Stockholm, Sweden, November 5, 1863, being educated at the university there. He later taught in Brooklyn, and was the dean of the New York Chautauqua School of Physical Education from 1891 until he came to Utah, in 1909. He founded the New York Physical Education Society, and was one of the leading authorities on the theory of gymnastics. He had a book on this subject nearly

ready for the press. He was one of the organizers and chief promoters of the Utah Society of Physical Education.

The Hatchtown, Utah, dam on the Sevier river, broke on May 25, causing a flood that devastated bridges, diversion dams, canals, roads and crops along the Sevier river between Hatch and Junction, a distance of sixty miles. There were about seventeen hundred acre-feet of water held by the dam which is located near Panguitch. The flood destroyed private property amounting to perhaps in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars. The Hatchtown dam was the property of the state and its loss is not estimated or considered in the above figure. A number of valuable dwelling houses, farm buildings and other private ranch property was destroyed.

Samuel H. B. Smith, a nephew of the Prophet Joseph Smith and cousin of President Joseph F. Smith, died June 12, 1914, in Salt Lake City. He was the son of Samuel H. and Mary Bailey Smith and was born in Shady Grove, Clay county, Missouri, August 1, 1838. His parents died in his early childhood, and he came to Salt Lake City in Brigham Young's company, in 1848. When seventeen years of age he filled a mission to the Eastern States and Great Britain, and a second mission to Great Britain in 1860. Returning in 1863, he settled in Bear Lake county, Idaho. In 1877, he filled a mission to California returning to Salt Lake City where he spent the remainder of his years engaging in business enterprises and Church service.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt arrived in New York, May 19, after eight months' absence upon an exploring trip through the South American interior. He proceeded to Spain, where he was present at the marriage of his son Kermit to a daughter of the American ambassador to Spain. During his stay in the Amazon jungle he discovered a new river, a tributary of the Amazon, and named it "The River of Doubt." The stream is as large as the Rhine or the Hudson, and it had never yet appeared on any map. The rapids of this stream were so swift and the jungles were so impassable that the party used up forty-two days traveling through one degree of latitude, at a rate of about a mile and a half a day. They lost all their food and had to eat monkeys.

British suffragettes continue to burn and destroy churches, to hack valuable pictures in the various picture galleries of London, and to do other mischief in a variety of ways. Fresh precautions have been taken to protect royalty against their attacks. On the first of June the historic church at Wargrave was burned, and valuable pictures in the Dore gallery in London were hacked and ruined. At the Ascot race course, June 13, extraordinary precautions were taken to guard members of the royal family against the fury of the suffragettes. A thousand London policemen and hundreds of detectives from Scotland Yards were present as reinforcements for the regular Berkshire mounted police force, and the six-mile road from Windsor Castle to the historic course was lined all the way by policemen.

The Democratic State ticket was nominated in combination with the Progressive Party on June 11, as follows:

For United States Senator—James H. Moyle, Democrat, of Salt Lake.

For Justice of the Supreme Court—Frank B. Stephens, Democrat, of Salt Lake.

For State Superintendent of Public Instruction—Dr. E. G. Gowans, Republican, of Ogden.

For Congressman, First Congressional District—Lewis Larson, Progressive, of Manti.

For Congressman, Second Congressional District—James H. Mays, Progressive, of Salt Lake.

"The Empress of Ireland," a Canadian-Pacific Railway ocean liner, on its way through the River St. Lawrence to England, May 29, encountered the Danish collier "Storstad," during a fog, and sank in ninety feet of water. There were 1,476 people aboard, including the crew, and out of this number only 449 were saved, 1,027 perished with the ship. The liner's hull was ripped open like a tin can, and she sank in fourteen minutes. The "Empress of Ireland" had no inner skin, or water-tight hull, otherwise it is conceded she would have remained afloat after the accident. Nearly all the recent shipwrecks have been the result of collisions, and since the "Titanic" disaster all the latest ships have these inner water-tight hulls, or skins, which give "seaworthy" a new meaning. The "Olympic," "Imperator," and the "Acquetania," which latter is the newest and largest British liner, and which sailed on her maiden voyage from Liverpool, May 30, to New York, are provided with these inner skins, or water-tight hulls. So, likewise, the "Vaterland," which arrived from Germany in New York, May 21, and which is the world's greatest ship, with carrying capacity of more than 5,000 people.

The Mexican situation still occupies the greatest attention of the newspapers. On the 21st of April, under direction of President Wilson, Admiral Fletcher landed one thousand marines and sailors from the battleships "Utah" and "Florida," and the transport "Prairie," in Vera Cruz, and seized the custom house and cable offices. On the following day, Nelson O'Shaughnessy, Charge d'affaires of the United States at Mexico City, prepared to leave the country. Three thousand additional marines were landed in Vera Cruz, and the combined force took possession of the city. Eight of our sailors lost their lives during the day's fighting. On the 23rd, Senor Algara, Charge d'affaires of Mexico at Washington, asked for and received his passports. On the same day four American sailors were killed by Mexican "snipers" at Vera Cruz. During the three days, seventeen Americans were killed and seventy wounded, and one hundred twenty-six Mexicans, and one hundred ninety-five wounded. On the 25th the United States accepted the tender of the good offices of Argentine, Brazil, and Chili toward the settlement of differences with Mexico, and this mediation proposal was accepted by the Huerta government on the 27th. On the 30th of April Vera Cruz passed into the control of the regular army, under Brigadier-General Funston, and the sailors took to their ships. The A. B. C. mediators opened a peace conference, May 20, at which the United States and the Huerta government were both represented, at Niagara Falls, Canada. Joseph R. Lamar, associate justice of the Supreme court, Frederick W. Lehmann, former solicitor-general, and H. Percival Dodge, were named as representatives of the United States. All during early June no special incidents occurred to mar the negotiations that were going on at Niagara, except that the revolutionists, under Villa, continued to act aggressively and at first refused to join in the mediation. They decided, however, that they would not oppose the occupation of Mexican territory by the United States, so long as territory controlled by the revolutionists is not invaded. Among other cities they captured Tampico. On June 19, it was reported that there was no hope that mediation would succeed. Memorial services over the bodies of the seventeen soldiers and marines killed at Vera Cruz were held in the navy yard at New York, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 11th of May.

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